

THE READER'S DIGEST



"AN ARTICLE A DAY" FROM LEADING
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PERMANENT BOOKLET FORM



JUNE 1923

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Witchcraft

Condensed from *The Mentor* (June '23)

Hendrik Willem Van Loon

ENTIRE museums are devoted to the collected implements of torture used to wring a "voluntary confession" from the recalcitrant lips of some forlorn hag who had been arrested on the perjured evidence of a jealous neighbor. Vast collections of witch trials have been published. But the subject is still shrouded in mystery. It is vast and complicated and the evidence is very one-sided. For the judge was in the habit of dictating both questions and answers. If red-hot needles did not have the desired result with his patients, a judicious application of the thumbscrew was guaranteed to do the trick.

In the library of Cornell University is a special vault filled with the proceedings of witch trials. They have been collected from all over the world. Open a book at random, any book, and shrieks of horror will meet you from almost every page.

It is easy for us to deride the narrow-minded ignorance of the witch judges. But they acted to the best knowledge of their day and age. They were the spiritual health officers of the medieval community. The witch was the microbe of the 14th and 15th and 16th century. The witch-finders would have failed in their holy duty had they allowed

these wicked witches to corrupt others and spread the knowledge of those occult arts that meant slow but certain death to the otherwise imperishable soul.

The medieval community cooped up between the narrow walls of dark little cities and villages, at the mercy of a thousand unknown forces of nature, was always in a state of panic. Disease, a solar eclipse, a stroke of lightning, a flood, all these were not the result of impersonal natural laws, but the direct manifestation of an evil will. The community at large was forever looking for someone whose personal wickedness had caused the disaster. What more logical candidate for a civic scapegoat than an old woman who lived by herself and was therefore hated or a young woman who preferred to live by herself and was therefore hated with even greater violence? These two groups suffered most.

It is very difficult to come to a correct estimate of the number of persons actually executed as witches. During the first half of the 17th century, one energetic witch-hunter (Carprou) alone passed the sentence of death on more than 1500 witches. Conservative historians place the number of victims at two or three hundred thousand.

It is equally difficult to decide which one of the great religious groups was the most energetic in the field of witch-baiting. Honors are about equally divided. Germany burned her witches as willingly as Spain. And the young colonies along the New England coast were as suspicious of their witchy neighbors as the older ones in Mexico and Peru. Let it be said, however, in all fairness to the much-abused Puritans, that the witch craze in Salem did not last very long (only a little over a year), and that many arrested were eventually pardoned by the British governor. The South American colonies kept the tradition alive and did not stop the practice of burning witches until the middle of the 19th century.

Curiously enough, the highly cultivated soil of old Europe offered the best (or worst) field for the witch-hunting epidemics. And, as usual, the universities were the centers for the malevolent attacks. The old schoolmen were forever on guard against the wicked dissenters who dared to deny the physical existence of myriads of demons and who refused to believe that old women, astride broomsticks, could joy-ride at night across the high heavens. The men of the learned world lived a most unhealthy existence. Their quarters were dark and damp. They partook of food that was none too fresh. For lack of decent drinking water, they consumed large quantities of wine. They shunned the society of women as they eschewed the companionship of the Evil One himself. It does not take a profound student of human psychology to predict the result of such a life upon the mind of the patient. Witch-hunting became the privilege of old men who really belonged in a clinic for morbid psychology. The greater part of their published works is too revolting to be discussed in a decent and respectable journal of information. The printed literature

of this whole period is of such utter filth that it had better be kept under lock and key in our public libraries.

In our day and age, when we like to reflect upon the great and lasting virtues of the masses, we are apt to blame emperors, rulers, and statesmen generally for all of the folly of the past. Alas! the mob of 300 years ago was the most relentless enemy of the witch. The howling crowd outside the jail turned every investigation into a farce, and applauded the most horrible cruelties with pious eagerness. The program of torture was endless. The accused women were subjected to an application of thumbscrews. Their hair was pulled out. They were half drowned in icy ponds, or they were forced to drink pints of hot water. They were made to repeat the Lord's Prayer when they could scarcely utter a word without an agony of pain. And if they survived any of these ignominious horrors they were supposed to be supported by the very devils who were to be excoriated, were therefore found guilty, and were condemned to be burned or hanged. There was no defending attorney. There was no appeal.

The fight against this particular manifestation of human unreason was long and bitter. The most brilliant minds of the 17th and 18th centuries threw themselves into the struggle for a recognition of the true pathological nature of the witch craze. Generally speaking, they have been successful. Except for the occasional lynching of a few witches in Russia, the world has been set free from this particular nightmare. The inevitable inquisitorial mind has found something else to occupy its attention. The age of sociological inquiry has come, and its manifestations are often feverish and frenzied. Whether the sociological "witch-hunter" will be more intelligent or tolerant than his predecessor, the next hundred years will tell.

Progress in Aircraft

Condensed from The Review of Reviews (June '23)

Brigadier-General William Mitchell

DEVELOPMENTS are taking place in the air more rapidly than in any other field of human endeavor. The whole science and art of aviation are so new that there is great latitude for improvement. First of all, aircraft stand by themselves as the swiftest means of locomotion ever devised. For many years the French had held the speed records, ever since our own Glenn Curtiss won the race at Rheims, France, in 1909. Last year the United States Army Air Service determined to beat the French records. A Curtiss plane was built which broke the world's record on October 18, 1922, by 11 miles, attaining a speed of 223.38 miles per hour.

The Curtiss plane is easy to fly, easy to take off the ground, and easy to land; and is readily convertible into a pursuit airplane for military purposes. As all military aviation depends upon the ability of the pursuit branch of an air force to gain control of the air by air battles, the importance to the nation of developing high-speed airplanes of this character is apparent. In such an airplane all resistance to the air is reduced to a minimum. Even the radiators for cooling the engines are made parts of the wings. The engine itself is a marvelous creation. It is built to turn up to 2600 revolutions per minute, and at that speed develops close to 500 horse-power with a total weight of only about 800 pounds.

The same airplane had made a speed on an electrically timed course of nearly 245 miles per hour, the increase in speed having been brought about by a new propeller which gives greater efficiency and a

little better streamlining, or cutting down of air resistance. Such a rate of speed is actually greater than that of the cannon balls that were used in the Civil War, at their point of impact. When going at full speed the ends of the propellers travel more than 600 miles per hour. If one's arm were to be held out of the cockpit at these great speeds the arm would be broken.

Another excellent speed airplane of entirely American construction is the Verville-Sperry. This is a monoplane, while the Curtiss is a biplane. The landing gear may be folded up inside an airplane of this type, a feature alone which gives an additional speed of 20 miles per hour. The wheels have the shock-absorbers inside them, instead of having the shock-absorbers—or what corresponds to the springs in an automobile—suspended from the wheel's axle. This airplane made 192 miles per hour, the fastest time ever made by a monoplane. It also holds the world's record for speed over a 500-kilometer course. The former record, held by France, was 86 miles per hour; the American airplane made 169 miles per hour average.

Practically all speed records, for all distances, are now held by airplanes of the United States Army Air Service, which also holds the altitude record of 34,509 feet. This altitude was made possible by the use of the Turbo Compressor, a device made to deliver more oxygen to the carburetor of the engine. What makes the engine become weaker and weaker as it ascends, is the fact that the air—which has to be mixed with gasoline to form the explosive mixture—contains less and less oxy-

gen. The Turbo Compressor uses a small turbine, actuated by the exhaust from the engine, which drives an air pump that compresses the rarefied atmosphere and delivers it to the carburetor with the same amount of oxygen in it as at sea level, enabling the engine to keep up its power.

This instrument is well perfected and our airplanes are able to go above 30,000 feet without any trouble. At these altitudes, due to the rarefied atmosphere, much less resistance is encountered, so that greater speeds are possible than when close to the ground. On the other hand, the propeller which is used close to the ground is not suitable for use in the rarefied atmosphere. Therefore a propeller in which the blades may be moved and changed so as to make their angle of contact with the air different — or what is called a variable-pitch propeller — has been developed for use at high altitudes.

In high altitudes special provisions have to be made for pilots and passengers. A sealed chamber for the pilots and passengers, in which the pressure and oxygen content are kept the same as at sea level, and which has provisions for heating and for disposing of the exhaled air, is being perfected. As no apertures can be made in this closed chamber, it is necessary to have electrical controls to handle the ship. This in turn will lead to much more simple and effective controls for all airplanes, and one may expect in the near future small electric boards for our control system.

Another important development is the gyroscopically controlled airplane, or what is known as the aerial torpedo. The characteristic of the gyroscope is that it tends to hold itself in a given position when it has attained a sufficient speed of rotation. Gyroscopes are arranged to control the elevator for ascending and descending and the rudder for

maintaining direction. An airplane with its gyroscopes can then be directed on a certain course from the ground, and it will fly accurately to its destination with no pilot in it. This device has almost been perfected. Wireless control may be applied to such an automatically flown airplane. Thus an airplane with a pilot may go along in the air and have several other airplanes flying near it, without any pilots in them and controlled by radio from the airplane with the pilot in it.

An American helicopter has had very successful trials, making it possible to rise or land vertically from the ground. It has stayed in the air for 6 minutes, and has also gone from one place to another for short distances. We can safely say that within 10 years helicopters will be quite practicable.

It has been found practicable to use airplanes in very cold weather. The use of skis in connection with the wheels on airplanes makes it possible to land practically anywhere in the North. The far-reaching consequences of airplane traffic through the frozen North is incalculable in connection with bringing a totally undeveloped country, rich in minerals and furs, to within a few hours of civilization. Another feature will be the possibility of using great circle routes through the Arctic regions between the United States and Asia. Where it now takes a month to go from New York to Peking, the trip in the future will be made by aircraft in from 60 to 70 hours' total elapsed time. There is nothing difficult about this whatever. The airplanes which will be used for these long distances will be equipped with several engines, so that one or two spare engines can always be kept in reserve while in flight.

These are only a few of the hundreds of developments of devices for the conquest of the air which are being perfected more and more each day.

Dollar Diplomacy Up-to-date

Condensed from Our World (June '23)

Silas Bent

OIL and rubber are the raw materials about which the principal Powers of the world are chiefly disquieted today, and the scramble for them illustrate the difference between the old and new diplomacy. We are trying to solve the problem of a future oil supply with an instrument as obsolescent as the abacus. A new and better method is being applied to the rubber crisis.

Our Department of State has taken an active hand in the demands for an open door to the Djambi and Mosul oil fields and in negotiations regarding the Royal Dutch-Shell group. The official interchange of notes has been marked by that menacing suavity, by those assurances of distinguished consideration, which have been so often the prelude to war. Such are the ways of the old dollar diplomacy.

No appeal has been made to our State Department in the emergency which confronts our sixth industry—the manufacture of crude rubber. We use three-fourths of the world's supply, but are dependent on foreign producers. Most of our raw material comes from British colonies along the equator, and restrictive export provisions have been imposed to cut down the output and so increase the price—restrictions which, American manufacturers believe, ignore the enormous annual expansion of our needs. This important matter is in the hands of the Department of Commerce, which is making a survey of the world situation with a view to American production. Meanwhile, the rubber manufacturers have sent a representative to London to urge upon the British Rubber Growers' Association an amicable readjust-

ment of the export tax. "No industry can prosper on the adversity of another," says Horace De Lissier, president of the Rubber Association of America. They have put their feet on the ground of common commercial interest; and it is safe to say that the chief hope of meeting this crisis lies in such an effort.

Here we have an example of the gradual transference of certain diplomatic problems from the field of foreign relations to the business field, where they properly belong. The methods of official diplomacy have been tried and found wanting. To deal with economic problems in businesslike fashion, rather than in the light of military strength or through the cumbersome and sometimes disingenuous processes of international usage, is being found the safer and better way. The unofficial conference is supplanting the ambassadorial conclave.

Business men are doing more than diplomats with respect to Mexico's international affairs. As this is written we have not as a nation recognized the Government of that country, and our attitude is a barrier to trade, because Mexican nationals cannot expect protection in American courts. There was the probability that most of the trade would go to the 24 nations which had recognized the Government; but a score of American business organizations sent committees to investigate conditions in Mexico. It was chiefly through their influence that Mexico's imports from the United States during the first 11 months of last year were \$120,000,000, as compared with \$107,000,000 for the same period of the year before. The new dollar diplo-

macy found a way to overleap the official diplomatic barrier.

The chief reason for our refusal to recognize Mexico is another illustration of the old dollar diplomacy. Here, again, oil enters the theater of action, but in another role. Our State Department was displeased, evidently, because under its new Constitution Mexico had imposed taxes regarded as confiscatory to our oil properties; and further, because Mexico had defaulted on her bonds and the interest due. A delegation of American oil men visited Mexico and effected an arrangement by which they were enabled, as were other nationals, to resume the operation of their wells, which had been closed down. This they did without State Department intervention.

The interest default was regarded even more gravely. But it was a situation with which diplomacy, preoccupied with sovereign dignity and dynastic powers, was unsuited to deal efficiently. Twenty-five years ago, when the foreclosure of international mortgages was accomplished by the display or use of arms, it would have been a simpler matter. The settlement would have been negotiated with battleships. How easy to have put marines in charge of Mexican customs, which are pledged as security for certain of the defaulted external loans! But the matter fell into the more peaceful processes of the new dollar diplomacy. British, French, Dutch and Belgian nationals were interested in the Mexican bonds, but the task of negotiating settlement was intrusted to American business men. When Thomas L. Lamont, of the J. P. Morgan & Co., went to Mexico City with a committee, he made a declaration in the same spirit as Mr. De Lisser's statement about the rubber situation. Mr. Lamont said that the chief interest of Mexico's creditors was in her welfare, stability and solvency. As an upshot of the visit, the Mexican Min-

ister of Finance conferred with the bankers in New York City, and a compromise was reached satisfactory to both sides. The businessman's short cut through a difficulty is a peaceful path.

The International Chamber of Commerce has proved a convenient agency through which to accomplish other transactions in the new dollar diplomacy. It was brought into being for the promotion of world trade and the friendly settlement of difficulties. It has set up machinery for the arbitration of international commercial disputes because litigation and appeals to State Departments have not been satisfactory. Already the organization, although but 3 years old, embraces 17 nationalities, and it has been the means of adjusting, without diplomatic delay, various vexatious differences relating to shipping, trade encroachments and traffic frictions which might readily have developed into international "incidents."

Most business men are pacifists by intention, whatever the prevailing belief to the contrary. Capitalism dislikes war because war means destruction, taxation, unrest and lack of confidence. Capitalism knows that it will pay heavily for them before the account is closed. It can earn a good living only out of prosperity and peace and progress.

The business man has found to his sorrow that the mills of statecraft grind exceeding slow, and that the grist is too often from the seeds of war. He perceives that the diplomatist, regarding conflict always as "latent or overt," is frequently blind to the best interests of the people he should represent. And so he is trying, through the International Chamber of Commerce and outside of it, to isolate from the fetish of nationalism the frictions due to foreign trade. If modern wars are of economic origin, as seems to be agreed, the business man in the role of peacemaker is a hopeful augury.

Twentieth-Century Medievalism

Condensed from *The Century Magazine* (June '23)

Charles Mers

I HAVE suggested in an earlier paper some of the reasons why this machine age is meeting with some hostility. One man objects that it drives us at a fierce, relentless pace. Another resents the way it packs us more and more in crowded cities. A third condemns the monotony of factory routine. A fourth fears that it will enable power to be cornered by an even smaller group of men. Still another laments the standardization of manners and morals characteristic of our day, the loss of that old-time variety which marked Athens off from Troy, even Boston from Virginia. Today the same machine civilization is spreading everywhere.

The energy that drives our factories is derived chiefly from two sources: water-power and coal. What we could do with water-power if we used it all, the engineers have sketched for us. But that we waste coal magnificently is not so generally recognized. One-third of the coal in the ground we waste in mining; four-fifths of the rest, even in the most modern plants, converting raw material into power. More than that, one ton of coal in every five brought from the mines is used for transportation—including the transportation of the other four tons of coal brought up in the same day's mining. These considerations have led engineers and men like Herbert Hoover, Gifford Pinchot, and Charles P. Steinmetz to start working out plans for a nation-wide interlocking power system. (See "Super-Power: The Next Industrial Revolution," *Reader's Digest*, Oct. '22.) And this engineering feat involving the vast distribution of cheap power may pave the way for a decentralization of industry.

Today factories cluster about the sources of power, or the sources to which power can easily be brought, like flies about a sugar-bowl. But with extremely cheap power flowing into the small cities they would no longer have the odds against them. In fact, their proximity to local sources of raw materials, wheat, leather, timber, and the like, may even give the small centers of industry an advantage. It seems fanciful to suggest that there is anything in the world capable of breaking up our congested cities; but super-power may accomplish nothing less than that. Of the waste of life and effort in an overcrowded city, statesmen and engineers have furnished many an indictment. Consider, for example, the waste in time and fuel of handling people for tremendous distances via so-called rapid transit. Cities reach a saturation point where excess population, even from an engineering point of view, becomes sheer waste. Congestion in densely populated centers is an evergrowing problem. Rents border on the impossible. A committee on the plan of New York finds that the cost of lodgings has begun to threaten seriously the security of family life. "New York's mad and illogical development has resulted in such anomalies as a mile or two of East Side sheltering two million people, with 32 miles of wilderness across the Hudson only 6 miles away."

The packing of people into limited areas has been motivated by purposes of industrial production and intercommunication. But super-power may be on its way to handle problems of decentralized production, and trains and radics and motor-cars take care

of communication. Even today the piling up of people in great cities is in part an artificial process; bankers and merchants and realtors fight to keep streams of traffic from being diverted to less congested centers. Intertwined with that simple desire for profit goes a certain American enthusiasm for the colossal. We boast of 50-story buildings and tremendous hippodromes. The promotion of congestion in our cities is ordinarily looked upon as a quite laudable civic enterprise.

Even though super-power may make it possible to live profitably in small centers of production, I am not suggesting a sudden exodus one summer evening, nor even an initial appeal to a majority. Yet, as Raymond Unwin suggests, "it is much less difficult to set up healthy tendencies in town development than at first appears to be the case." Movement on the part of 2 or 3 per cent of an urban population, he believes, might be enough "to set up a decentralizing tendency so urgent that it would be difficult to provide for it fast enough."

Decentralization of industry is a project endless in its possibilities. Here I turn aside to note briefly two other current tendencies in the development of our machines. One is an obvious tendency in the direction of a shorter workday. We have come from a 16-hour day to a moderately well established 8-hour day, and there is no reason to believe that with the perfection of machinery and management the impetus will stop there. One engineer in New York predicts the arrival of a two-hour day within the next 60 years.

Somewhat less assured is the second tendency. There is a man in Kentucky selling a "one-man flour mill." Machinery has been so far developed in many industries that it turns out products whole, as printing-presses turn out papers. Men simply feed in raw material at one end, take out the finished raw material at the other. With any vast development of machinery in this di-

rection, a revival of small-scale production looms up as a real possibility. I do not mean that whole motor-cars would be made in cottage factories. What I am thinking of is efficient small-scale production of far simpler things: of flour, shoes, clothing, tables, and the like.

Super-power may reach over into politics; for politics, like tenements are suffering from overcrowding. The early Federalists presumed the existence of alert local governments vigorous enough to check a flood of power toward any centers. But self-governing communities, where the governors and the governed are neighbors, have given way to government by long distance, remote, gigantic, meddlesome. So complicated has government become that no one can pretend to watch it all. Most people do not try. Many do not even vote except on Presidential ballots. The core of the problem is not political, but economic. Super-power, dotting the earth with new units of production, may quite conceivably plant in each of them the kernel of a revived, self-conscious localism.

Super-power would solve the hopeless appalling problem of our railroads in finding \$5,000,000 for a traffic terminal, then \$5,000,000 more, and then another 5, only to find that new terminals are out of date by the time they are constructed. Again, super-power makes it possible to run factories as they should be run, with power production entirely separate from production of boots or clothing, and therefore more economical. Super-power may put its impress on such a thing as education. Today our most pitiful effort here is the one-room country school-house. With new centers of production to serve as focal points, motor-buses may gather children from a hundred farms and bring them to one modern building. Super-power, again, may help us with the problem of migratory labor. East or West, a million men and women drift to some new harvest, California oranges, Texas cotton, Montana timber-jacking, apples in Oregon. It is possible to conceive men working in the fields when ripe crops are due, then turning back to factories near at hand. Tractors and machinery can materially reduce the time required for sowing crops and reaping them. And, on the factory side, we know that not one of our major industries runs at top speed all the year around.

The Passing of Sea Power

Condensed from McClure's Magazine (June '23)

Rear Admiral W. F. Fullam, U. S. Navy, Retired

GREAT armadas and armies cannot again cross the seas. Force cannot, as in the past, be carried over the oceans. A puny power, without a navy, can challenge the strongest battle fleet. With an impenetrable barrage of mines, air forces, torpedoes, and submarines, it can easily hold a maritime enemy 100 miles from its shores. *The freedom of the seas is in many respects near realization. Aggression, expressed in ships, is chained to the beach.*

The continents, in war, are henceforth to be in great measure isolated from each other. The powerful nations of each continent will dominate within the boundaries of that continent. They will continue to war with each other. But they cannot impose their will upon another continent. Intercontinental wars will be well-nigh impossible in the future. The weak will not bow to the strong from over seas. No one nation can rule the waves hereafter.

The writer wishes to avoid the charge that he is a discoverer of this truth. Far from it. It is only as a tardy convert to modern naval principles as expressed by others that these observations are submitted. In support of these contentions, an array of able authorities might be quoted. In 1911, Rear Admiral Bradley A. Fiske declared that a strong force of airplanes, supported by mines and submarines, would alone suffice to defend the Philippines from invasion. Fortifications were not needed. He was right 12 years ago. He is right today. Rear Admiral Sir Percy Scott and Admiral Sir John Fisher of the British Navy have been declaring for years that modern weapons have entirely revolutionized naval warfare,

and that the battleship is doomed. Percy Scott says: "You must admit that in the war we were nearly forced into submission by starvation. You must admit that the German battleship played no part in the war. You must admit that if our battleship superiority had been double what it was, it could not have protected us from starvation. You must admit that the dominant arm of the war was the submarine."

Rear Admiral Hall, of the British Navy, states:

We had a grand fleet with a preponderance of nearly 2 to 1 over Germany alone, and an auxiliary navy of about 5,000 vessels. We had the assistance of the American, French, Italian, and Japanese navies. We held the most favorable geographical position for a naval war that the atlas can furnish. And yet our main naval purpose—the protection of our trade—could not be carried out.

It is important to note that our success in transporting two million men to France furnishes no precedent for the future. The Germans had no air forces with which to attack our convoys, and their submarine commanders were ordered not to fight men-of-war, but to expend their ammunition in sinking merchantmen in order to starve England, and thus win the war.

When Admiral Sims went to London, in April, 1917, he immediately reported that the English did not control the sea and that the Germans were winning the war. "We can't go on like this much longer," Admiral Jellicoe told Sims. Admiral Sims says, after 2 years experience in the War, "There will never again be in naval history one of the Simon-pure naval expeditions carried across the sea to an enemy's port, the defeat of an enemy's fleet, and the pouring in

of soldiers and supplies. This has been forever rendered impossible against any country that has adequate air and submarine forces. . . . If our coast is protected by airplanes, no ships can reach our shores or land troops."

Admiral Wemyss, of the British Fleet, says:

Had any submarines been present off Gallipoli, in April, 1915, the landing of troops would have been impossible. Never could the transports and supply ships have lain quietly off those beaches, pouring forth men and munitions as they did, had they been open to submarine attack. As it was, when the submarines appeared, later on, they sank 2 battleships and drove the transports into the security of Mudros Harbor, thus increasing enormously the labor and difficulty of keeping the army supplied. Submarines have rendered a close blockade impossible.

Consider these facts: Turkey had no navy; the German and Austrian navies, with the exception of submarines were cooped up; the English, French, and Italians had an overwhelming naval and military force available. But they failed miserably. There were a hundred allied "bases" in the Mediterranean for these fleets. And yet Admiral Wemyss admits that submarines alone would defeat an attacking armada, bases or no bases! Suppose, in addition, the Turks had had a big air force? What then?

Despite the crushing logic of the present situation, unmindful of the lessons of the World War, there are officers who will not see the weakness of the battleship or the crushing limitations of a fleet. They criticize the Washington Conference for agreeing not to fortify our bases in the East! Manila is within an iron ring of Japanese bases. In order to get there, our fleet would be compelled to pass in review before a score of submarine and air bases in the Marshall and Caroline Islands. The story of the British failure at Gallipoli is delightful reading compared with the story of an American battle fleet, or an American army, running the gauntlet

of modern weapons and going to Manila for offensive operations against Japan! It would be the superlative degree of naval madness.

In truth, the Washington Conference saved the Navy from the consummation of an out-of-date, wasteful, futile, naval race. The American delegates proved to be the best naval strategists the United States has ever known! They freed us from a 10-year-old naval plan for a war in the past, and permitted us to build up our Navy for a war in the future! They gave up fortifications and battleships which can neither defend nor attack, and left us free to protect our home coast, as well as the Philippines and Guam, with mines, torpedoes, submarines, and air forces. And these weapons can and will defend them, if we so desire.

And, in helping America, the Conference helped all other nations, also. It could not disarm them—could it? It could not abolish war. To be sure, all nations must and will have modern weapons. The United States needs them sadly. But if we had continued to waste money on battleships—of which we have quite enough—Congress would have withheld appropriations for the ships we really need.

Reviewing the subject briefly: First, a battle fleet cannot carry on an attack across the ocean. Second, a great army cannot be sent overseas. Third, a base 5,000 miles from home—surrounded by enemy bases—is no base at all. Fourth, submarines, air forces, mines, and torpedoes suffice to defend a coast. Fifth, sea-coast forts are useless. Sixth, it is only by transporting overseas an overwhelming air force to seize and control the air that one continent can attack another. Seventh, each continent will control its own destiny if it arms itself with modern weapons. Eighth, intercontinental wars are discouraged. *The wings of sea power have been clipped.*

Mental Training

Condensed from The Forum (June '23)

William George Jordan

JAMES BEATTIE said, "The aim of education should be to teach us rather how to think than what to think — rather to improve our minds so as to enable us to think for ourselves than to load the memory with the thoughts of other men." Thousands of our thinkers have echoed the same thought. And the attempt has often been made to show that because of the false theory of making knowledge of supreme importance and training the mind, a by-product — an expected secondary result — education falls in both phases.

We venture to suggest a new model, a new ideal, which we shall call "Mental Training," to differentiate it from the old education. It would make training the mind itself, the first and supreme aim, giving as much knowledge as could be given in conjunction with the training. Moreover, it would prepare the individual for the 7 lives we all must live: physical, mental, moral, civic, social, aesthetic and emotional, and spiritual. We ask of Education, "what knowledge does it give?": of Mental Training, "what power, faculties and qualities does it develop?" When asked what are the subjects in her course of study, Education gives: Reading, writing, arithmetic and the others of its 30 or more subjects. The same question asked of Mental Training brings forth the answer; Trained senses, memory, observation, judgment, reasoning, clear-thinking, self-expression, language and conversation; training in accuracy, thoroughness, initiative, resourcefulness, responsibility, concentration, rapidity of thought and action; exercises in

physical training, training in character and ethics, in social civilities, courtesies and graces, in civic duties and responsibilities, in appreciation of the beautiful, in sentiment and emotions, in spiritual consciousness.

This curriculum would apply to the elementary school and the high school. Examinations and markings, as we know them today, would be banished from mental training. Young people now imagine that all their work has but one object — to enable them to pass examinations. What is the result? The required number of pages are read under compulsion, therefore grudgingly, and after the examination is over what has been learned is got rid of again like a heavy and useless burden. The only thing that remains is an intellectual nausea — a dislike of the food swallowed under compulsion. Examinations make "cramming" mandatory, which blurs the process of memory by paying no attention to the association of memories by principle, classification and relation. The absence of formal examinations would not imply that no estimate would be made of the child's progress, for he would be under the constant watchful eye of the teacher, studying his progress and development.

In education we hear much about the questions the teacher should put to the child, little or nothing of the questions the child should be inspired to put to the teacher. There is no time for the latter questions in our present system. They represent the child's instinctive effort to get his bearings in a new world; to feed his mind and satisfy his mental hunger. It is as though a traveler

were new-landed in some strange city in the Orient. With every sense, keen, alert and stimulated and his whole mind avid to know and to understand, he seeks instinctively to adjust himself to his new surroundings. Questions crowd fast to his lips. "What is that?" "Who is that man whom all seem to reverence?" "Why do those men suddenly kneel?" The questions are but the emanations from the white heat of his interest. Suppose that instead of answering them, one were to say, "Come, let us not bother about these things now. I want to give you a course of lessons on quadratic equations," we should have a fair analogue to education's treatment of the child.

Mental training has reverence for these questions. It substitutes for textbooks and recitation, at least in its early stages, the free air of question, discussion, conversation and exchange of thought. In education, with its program of a fixed amount of knowledge to be given in a fixed period of time, every moment is scheduled; 30 minutes 4 times a week for this study, 45 minutes twice a week for another, and so on. The more we reduce education to a mechanism the easier it is to handle as an organization, but such mechanizing and standardizing kills its very soul. It intensifies mechanical teaching and mechanical learning. We give a course of so many months in some subject, and when the text-book is completed we examine on it, lock the study in some water-tight compartment of the mind where it is isolated from contact with other studies and pay no further attention to it. It is assumed that because it has been taught the student knows it, retains it and uses it. It is really withdrawn from circulation like Confederate money. The separate studies do not speak to each other, they never mix, marry and cooperate with an issue of new ideas.

Education in her zeal to furnish

knowledge, forces it so constantly and continuously and in such large doses into minds uninterested and untrained to assimilate, that the result is a mental dyspepsia that injures the mind instead of strengthening it. The ideal of mental training is intensity, a smaller field, more thoroughly cared for and nourished. The aim is to inspire rather than merely inform. In this spirit of wakening love and interest, the wonder side, the romance, the appealing, the picturesque in every subject is first presented. We today teach history in a dry-as-dust way, peppered with unimportant dates, that for most people have killed all interest in it as a study or a source of pleasurable reading in later life. What little the child later remembers is the picturesque episodes, such as the Boston tea-party, the landing of the Pilgrims, Washington crossing the Delaware, Washington at Valley Forge and a few more similar episodes. We ignore the child's revealings of the natural way and continue our false, unnatural process.

In literature, one book, lovingly, leisurely, sympathetically and appreciatingly read aloud to a class, with frequent interruptions and comments — as we stop on a country road to note the beauty of a sunset, a water-fall, a cloud effect, a glory of Autumn foliage, a tree etched against the sky or some other of Nature's beauties — with discussion free and natural as the air, about the happy choice of a word, the imagery, the fuller meaning and message, the sympathetic notes of character interpretation, would do infinitely more good to the mind than the whole field of literature studied as a task. The true understanding of the soul of one great book is greater than the knowledge of the mere anatomy of a thousand. Lincoln performed miracles of self-culture with 3 books — the Bible, Shakespeare and Aesop's Fables.

Jazz: A Brief History--I

Condensed from Vanity Fair (June '23)

Samuel Chotzinoff

EVERY so often someone, with an almost religious fervor, dissects the current popular tunes, assures us of their utter vulgarity, and finds in them the source of all sorts of contemporary degeneration. . . . Meanwhile, the popularity of American jazz music, both here and abroad, is beyond dispute. As far back as 1920—and in the history of Jazz that is a long time—most of the large cities in Europe had succumbed. In the winter of that year I found in most of the cafes of Paris two orchestras: an American Jazz band and the usual French orchestra which played only tango and waltzes. While the French band played, most of the patrons remained at their tables; with the first crash of American banjo and snare-drum, there was a rising *en masse* and a rush for the floor. In London the better hotels and dance-clubs had imported American bands. In Berlin, though the music was entirely American, the orchestras were native, with a consequent loss, it must be added, of brilliancy and "pep."

It is not surprising that America and England, nations without a musical culture or tradition of their own, have embraced Jazz; but that France and Germany have both succumbed so wholly to Jazz music is astonishing. A serious appraisal of Jazz should reveal either a degradation of the artistic sensibilities of nations hitherto notable in the development of music, or new and unsuspected merits in the quality of the American creation.

From a musician's viewpoint, the failure of America to develop a musical art is often explained by the absence of a comprehensive body of

folk-tunes. That, as a basis from which the artist may weld into whatever form the combination of national and individual genius makes possible, seemed to be non-existent. I say *seemed*, because we are only now unearthing a mass of Negro spirituals which have lain buried for half a century. In their stead we have had the negro paraphrases of Stephen Foster, a refined drawing room emanation of these tunes, bearing very little relation to the real Negro.

But the genuine Negro spirituals (first introduced here by Alma Gluck) are, in their way, comparable to the folk tunes of any European nation. They are the musical expression of a great group of American peasants, who became identified with the native soil through a century of compulsory labor on it. The music that arose from them was a confused mixture of vague African apprehensions, the breath of the fields and a devout Methodism which had become mystical through a realization that only in religion could they find escape from hopeless slavery. Thus many of these Spirituals attain a lyrical rapture in their adoration of God and their expectation of the promised comforts in Heaven compared with which even the psalms of David seem to lack fire. The sheer musical quality peculiar to these tunes is not less remarkable and, strange as it may seem, it is this which forms the basis and salient peculiarity of present-day jazz.

The negro spiritual has two characteristics: one, an insistent and lively two-four rhythm which, being started, is carried along by the momentum of its start; the other, its physical

effect on the listener. In the negroes themselves it produced a sort of rhapsodical epilepsy. Its effect on the white race is not less marked, though less extravagantly so. There is an irresistible inclination to bodily time-marking; a lifting of shoulders, a rolling of eyes, a swaying of the head. There is an inevitable longing to let this extraordinary rhythmic force take possession of one's body and work its will—as universal and compelling a reaction as a natural force.

At the end of the eighties the negro who had come north discovered the commercial value of his own reaction to his own music. He went on the stage and delighted white audiences with dances of a character elemental, whole-hearted and extravagant, quite alien to the deliberate and lifeless gyrations to which the whites were accustomed. He retained the vital and living rhythm of his native religious folk-tune as a foundation and lure and, on that, he erected a structure of entertainment that should represent the taste of the day. Soon the demand for negro entertainers outgrew the supply, and white dancers and comedians found it profitable to cork their faces and imitate their more gifted colored competitors. The black-faced minstrel show became the vogue and earned large profits.

Meantime, it must be noted, the advance of the black entertainer in public favor imposed a corresponding deterioration in the quality of his stuff. The native element became threadbare; these shows became whiter and whiter until nothing remained but a rhythmical patter of feet.

The quality of the white American contribution to the gaiety of that same period was a mixture of vulgar-

ity and sentimentality, unredeemed by any suggestion of vigor or health. At that time New York was Irish: the Irish immigration had reached its height and the Tammany Hall organization was in complete possession of the city. America was singing "Sweet Rosy O'Grady," "Tammany," and numerous similar ditties. The subject matter, when not Irish, sang of the beauties of a Sunday afternoon in the merry month of June and the boundless opportunities for a spoon in Central Park. The amorous effects of the waltz were celebrated in the famous "Waltz Me Around Again, Willie." A deeper note was struck by things like "My Evening Star," which the late Lillian Russell used to sing so devoutly, or in "The Mansion of Aching Hearts." The victory over Spain was responsible for a plague of childish patriotic songs, for the most part in waltz time. "Break the News to Mother," was both melting and danceable.

All this is far removed from the present-day lyric; but the difference lies here: in the old songs, the meanness of the musical frame revealed piteously and starkly the utter puerility of the words, whereas the lyrics of the contemporary popular song is apt to have a musical setting that is sufficient and altogether absolving.

It is worth noticing that this conglomerate of popular art was unknown and unheeded outside America. Here musicians treated it with contempt. It never attained to the dignity of controversy. On the Continent, where there evolved a lighter music of charm and distinction, it was quite unknown.

But in the development and refinement of Jazz trained musicians played a significant part, as we shall see in our paper next month.

This is the magazine I have wanted for years.—Harold
M. Herbert, Box 300, Sussex, New Jersey.

"Filibusters"

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post (May 12, '23)

Kenneth L. Roberts

A FILIBUSTERER should be known as a "filibusterer," or one who is full of hot air. Reduced to its simplest terms, filibustering in the Senate is improper, unjust and unreasonable. The accepted theory is that the majority is entitled to rule. Yet when 6 or 8 or 10 senators, toward the end of a session of Congress, make up their minds to conduct a filibuster against a measure that 50 senators wish to pass into law, they can prevent a vote on that measure and thus prevent the majority from ruling. Let us consider, for example, the filibuster directed against the Shipping Bill during the closing days of the 67th Congress, which passed into history on March 4, 1923. The Shipping Bill is mentioned merely because it was the point around which the filibuster revolved. Six senators got together and agreed to prevent it from ever coming to a vote by talking it to death.

The understanding was reached on Feb. 18. Thirteen legislative days remained for the Senate to do business. Up then rose Senator Shepard, of Texas, who proceeded to occupy over 10 hours reading, in a dull and monotonous voice, a manuscript in which were detailed such absorbing matters as the address of Prince Arfa-ed-Dowleh to the League of Nations, Eastern Karelia, Armenians in Cilicia, the use of Esperanto, Russian refugees, the organization of epidemiological intelligence, and other things. His speech occupied 44 pages in the Congressional Record; and the cost of printing 44 pages in the Record, at the standard price of \$50 a page, amounts to \$2200. Having begun his speech on the afternoon of Feb. 19, he completed it late in the

afternoon of Feb. 20. After him came Senator Caraway, of Arkansas, who recently distinguished himself in Washington by handily defeating an opponent in a street fight through the clever use of an umbrella. He felt that it was imperative that he address his colleagues at great length on the discharge of sundry employes from the Bureau of Engraving. Then followed Senator Reed, of Missouri, who felt an uncontrollable urge to advocate the acceptance of the islands of the West Indies from England and France in part payment of their war debts, notwithstanding the fact that England and France have not the slightest idea of relinquishing the West Indies. But Senator Reed was seized with an overwhelming appetite for islands. He longed, hankered, yearned and itched for islands.

During Senator Reed's attack of island worship the assistant filibusterers killed time in the approved filibustering style. A Democratic senator suggested that a quorum was not present, and asked for a roll call. After some bickering the roll was called. Whereupon the Democrats left their seats and repaired to the Democratic cloakroom. Only 42 senators remained, so a quorum was not present. Another senator promptly moved that the Senate adjourn. A Republican senator blocked this easily by calling for the yeas and nays, so the roll had to be called again. After many minutes of talk and roll-calling the Senate voted not to adjourn. The roll was then called again to find out whether a quorum had developed since it was learned a few minutes before that a quorum was not present. Since the Democrats with their little near-Republican play-fellow, Senator Brookhart, were

still lurking in the cloakroom, a quorum had not developed; so it was moved that the sergeant at arms be directed to request the presence of absent senators. A Democratic Senator demanded the yeas and nays on this motion, and the roll was called once more. When the sergeant at arms entered the cloakroom and made his request, the Democrats politely told him to go chase himself. Even two Democratic senators, chatting amiably at their desks, refused to answer when their names were called loudly.

Consequently a Republican moved that the sergeant at arms be directed to take the absent senators by the scruff of the neck and haul them back to the Senate. The yeas and nays were demanded, of course, and another roll call was enjoyed by all. At this time a Republican senator, who had been helping his country by giving at that particular inopportune moment a dinner for various other Republican senators, entered the chamber with some of his guests. A roll call then showed 50 senators present, or a quorum. Whereupon the Democrats who had been dragged in by the sergeant at arms sneaked away to the cloakroom again. Another roll call—and again there was not a quorum present. . . And so the filibuster continued for another five days.

As a rule, the Republicans regard filibustering as all that is loathsome when they control a majority in the Senate and the Democrats are filibustering against them; but when the Democrats are in the saddle the Republicans regard filibustering as a sacred duty. There are, however, certain senators on both sides of the Senate Chamber who do not look at everything from a purely political angle. Senator Pomerene, a Democrat, in the closing days of the ship-subsidy filibuster, said: "It would be just as consistent for a minority in a popular election to seek to prevent the declared choice of a majority from functioning as it is for the

elected minority in a legislative body to prevent the majority from functioning."

Another Democrat, Senator Underwood, urged the Democrats not to filibuster, and said:

I believe a time will be reached when the United States Senate will be discredited by the American people unless it learns how to do business. The country has a right to expect that its chosen representatives will perform the functions that they are elected to perform in a legislative way. . . . The difficulty is that we have on the calendar many important bills, some good and some bad. They are entitled to be disposed of. But everything must go down under the rules of the Senate because there is one particular bill that is objected to.

Under the existing rules, a bloc of 10 or 20 senators could carry on a filibuster against any measure whatever, and hold up all business in the Senate for an almost indefinite period, or until a majority of senators agree to purchase immunity from a filibuster by making the concessions that the filibusterers demand. The Senate stands pat on rules that should have been thrown overboard generations ago. As a matter of fact, under present Senate rules a perpetual filibuster is going on, due to the fact that the Senate is cursed with so many small-bore politicians who love to hear themselves talk and never know when to stop. Generally, along about the middle of the afternoon, some senator takes the floor and speaks until about 5 o'clock. By that time most of the senators have left, and it is then impossible to secure a quorum to continue to transact the business of the people. It is a ridiculous situation where this great body apparently cannot or will not do business. There is not and never has been a senator who couldn't say all that there was to say on any subject in one hour's time. The Senate needs such a cloture rule, and also a rule to eliminate absentee senators. It is coming to be more and more fashionable for senators to be absent from their seats for weeks at a time. One senator who has held his position for 4 years has been in attendance for little more than 30 days.

Secretive Idealists

Condensed from *Vanity Fair* (June '23)

Walter Lippmann

IN the repertory of the somewhat sophisticated modern man there is the knack of knowing when men rationalize their personal motives as universal truths. So many people have been caught in the act of pleading for humanity when they coveted an oil well, of insisting upon righteousness when they envied the sinner, of pleading for liberty when they wished to command, that it has become the fashion to assume that the real reason for any action is pitched several octaves lower in the scale of respectability than the ostensible reason.

Perhaps it is a fair assumption. But it is responsible for one of the most benign hypocrisies of our age. It is the hypocrisy of arguing a highbrow cause with lowbrow reasons. We have become afraid of fooling ourselves or of being accused of fooling ourselves, that in the public discussion of most intangible things we constantly doublecross each other. We hardly dare avow even to ourselves that we are ever moved by desire for the ends which idealistic words describe. And so we conspire to coat idealistic ends with a protective covering of hardboiled, but fundamentally insincere, arguments. And thus as a match for the people who talk about humanity when they mean oil, you can find people who pretend to be interested in oil when they really mean humanity.

I have been made very much aware of this strange new inhibition recently in discussions with a group of friends, all of whom are interested in working out a policy of cooperation between Europe and America. The ways and means of cooperation we talked about freely. But always

there was one question we found ourselves avoiding. Whenever someone would ask, very well, but why should the United States be interested in European politics? there would be discomfort in the air. We were embarrassed.

And then somebody in this group would start off and explain laboriously that the price of wheat is made in Liverpool, and that without a healthy European market the Dakota farmer would not receive an adequate price for his crop. *There* was a brass-tack reason for helping to straighten out Europe! And then somebody else would start off, knowing that this reason was not good enough, and would explain the danger, the destruction, and the cost of the next war 20 or 30 or 40 years hence. We soon discovered that we were pretending. I won't say that we weren't interested in the price of wheat and the American export market, and the American diplomatic position in the world, because I think we were. But we were pretending that these considerations moved us personally, and that, we admitted, after a while, was not true. Those orthodox reasons, which we alleged, were our cold reasons. What really concerned each of us was something that we were afraid to avow.

We confessed one day to each other that we were ashamed to be so well fed and so comfortable in a cold and hungry and panic-stricken world. We confessed that we did not dare let our imaginations dwell on the sights we had ourselves seen in rural England, or in the universities of France, in Italian and German and Austrian cities. What were those sights? Bread lines and riots and rickety

children? No. The fecundity of the European peasant now entrenched on his soil would repair that in abundant measure, dreadful as it was. If you could forget the individual sufferer and think only in large numbers, there was no need to fear for the survival of the peoples of Europe.

The tragedy which is threatening in Europe was subtler than that. Its consequences were more remote, but they were more ravaging than panic or death. What concerned us most, we admitted, was the threat of a break in the tradition of fine workmanship, of learning, of discovery, and ordered living because of the dissolution of the educated class. For it takes more than the education of one generation to make an educated people. You can produce only the beginnings of a cultivated life, as we in America have reason to know, by passing one set of children through schools. The real effects of education, in so far as they count for more than mere competence, are cumulative only through a line of educated generations. My friends were thinking about this line of educated generations, not particularly rich or poor, which is threatened with extinction in Europe. The families which in the centers of European thought are the carriers of learning and acquired sensitiveness are being ground to pieces.

When they read of the unstable currencies of Europe, the people my friends thought about especially were not the peasants who are well rooted, nor the business men who will manage somehow, nor the workers who in some fashion contrive to keep wages trailing on after the price of food. The people who are trapped in the debacle of monetary values were the people who have hitherto been passive members of the economic com-

munity. They were the people to whom money making has been an incidental necessity rather than a pre-occupation; the artists and scientists and scholars and teachers, and the small community of appreciative men and women around them who are the real public to which they turn for support. The destruction of the mark, the threatened destruction of the franc, the grossly depreciated lira have all but pauperized this class, for they are economically defenseless.

This class is not easily replaced, for what they possess has been growing on a peculiar soil in historic weather. You could not, with all the money in the world, all the organizations, committees, drives and sweat, reproduce their tradition artificially in some virgin territory. If that tradition should lapse, it would grow again only after a long night. And it might lapse. It would not suddenly disappear, of course, but in time the destruction of leisure, the compulsion of the youth of Europe to concentrate on money making and safety might easily, in fact was now, thinning out the living sap.

That would matter to us far more than the price of wheat or the market for copper, would matter in the long run more than anything else in the world. For it is a piece of mercantilist nonsense carried over into the arts and sciences to suppose, as occasionally some critic or theatrical manager does, that we can force into being a richer native culture in some spiritual hothouse. The life which is rooted in Europe is our life too, and we can no more live in the region of the spirit without vital connection with it, than the largest, most stupendous, proudest branch of the greatest oak can live if you destroy the trunk of the tree.

Please send a binder for the first volume of *The Reader's Digest*. It will take its place among the Classics on my library shelves in accordance with its just desserts. In the life of a busy physician it has come to be indispensable.—
P. M. Kellogg, M.D., Rogers, N. D.

Sex in American Literature

Condensed from *The Bookman* (June '23)

Mary Austin

THE idea that there are aspects of the love life which cannot be discussed in public is the distinctive characteristic of our Anglo-European culture. The further you get away from the narrow strip of modern civilization which incorporates the best traditions of Greek and Roman life, and the later traditions of Christian celibacy, Christian mysticism, and chivalry, the greater the separation that exists between sex experiences which enlarge the spiritual perceptivity and those which are disintegrating. Hence, it is impossible to treat the supercilious disposition to designate the acceptable types of personal adventure as "love stories" and the unacceptable as "sex" stories, as evidence of hypocrisy.

The love life of any people is, like its civic life, the evolutionary product of its experience. The test of its value is the extent to which it enlarges individual perceptivity. The Anglo-European strain, from which issued the earliest American settlement, and by which its ideals are still dominated, had already arrived at perfectly definite conclusions about the kind of love adventure which is spiritually illuminating and therefore racially advantageous, conclusions which our present generation seems bent upon proving mistaken.

This must be kept in mind as one of the supreme achievements of the Anglo-European civilization, that it learned early how to make the love life a means of enlarging the borders of its understanding of man and his place in society. The literary traditions of the Anglo-American include, as do those of no other people, most of the world's great love stories; great, I mean, in their power favor-

ably to affect our own experience. You will find in these stories more than a broadly spiritual conception of the personal relation. Even in such instances as frankly admit the failure of individuals to attain their ideal, the reader is put, rather, in the position of electing that ideal for himself. This is what Hawthorne managed to do with "The Scarlet Letter"; a more modern instance are the books by Maurice Hewlett, "Open Country," "Half-way House," and "Rest Harrow."

At the same time we are producing in the United States quantities of fiction in which not only is there no illumination, but there is a disposition to insist on a state of muddled unsatisfactoriness as the American norm, and to treat any pretense to anything else as sheer hypocrisy, or, at the least, a never to be sufficiently condemned residual Puritanism. And if a writer depicts an American as maintaining the earlier ideal of sex behavior, he is shown as attaining nothing by it but a dreary conformity.

It is likely that the prevailing American obsession with psychoanalysis has something to do with the schism which appears to exist between the traditional American ideal of love life and the present literary expression of it. One is inclined to say that the easy substitution of the Freudian hypothesis for the personal devil of our forebears is merely the younger generation's way of excusing itself for finding sex a tormenting and unmanageable business. The real question is, why does the newer group of writers find sex so tormenting and unmanageable that it is driven to the point of denying that love life ever was or ever could be anything else?

We must accept the conclusion that

what the individual is able to experience, or conceive others as experiencing, is rather strictly limited by the content of his racial inheritance. During the past 60 years the United States has received its chief increments of population from eastern and central Europe, from peoples ever outside the Christian mysticism of love, who missed the adventure of chivalry and the most refined elements of feudalism. That our Baltic and Slavic stock will have another way than the English of experiencing love is inevitable. That the perception on the part of one type of what may be going on in the love life of another type, will stop close to the observer's own capacity to experience, is more than likely. Thus, though much that is written in the United States contradicts the traditional ideal of our dominant strains, it is found on examination to be entirely conformable to the love life lived in different parts of Europe. All Theodore Dreiser's people love like the peasants in a novel by Bojer or Knut Hamsun. His women have a cowlike complaisance such as can be found only in peoples who have lived for generations close to the soil; his men in their amours resemble savages. Mr. Dreiser, apparently, knows no more of the power of the love life to inform and vitalize the whole nature and outlook of man, than the savage knows of trigonometry. And what is true of Dreiser is also true of a very large contingent of the newer American writers, so that one is continually being surprised not, as they themselves fondly suppose, by the "advanced" nature of their views on sex, but at the quaint, village folk lore antiquity of them.

I do not mean to deny that there are thousands of people in the United States whose love life is the sordidly restricted episode it is described to be in some books. There are quite certainly any number of people who, while cherishing the earlier ideal, fail

as completely as do the inhabitants of Gopher Prairie in registering its high mark. But one may accuse these authors of nothing less than entire dishonesty to prove that there may be more beauty and aspiration in American love life than gets into their books. What one does suspect them of, with the sole exception of Sinclair Lewis, is the nursing of their limitations in this direction under the illusion that it is the advertisement of a superior attitude toward life and society.

Probably Sinclair Lewis is more nearly right than any of our young men writers about the love life of the average middle class American. It is thin rather than vicious. I am as skeptical of the turgid nastiness which the psychoanalytic writers find below the level of American consciousness, as I am doubtful that the monumental repressions of the Puritans are responsible for it. Why assume that they had so much to repress? What one suspects is that the average Puritan under his skin was not unlike George Babbitt, with this advantage over George that he was still able to get some warmth out of denouncing the things that no longer warmed him in any other fashion. Poor George didn't even have anything heartily to hate.

It appears to be easier to understand another man's religion, his politics, or his philosophy than to enter into his love life when it proceeds from a widely differing social inheritance. It is worth noting that every one of the 8 or 10 women novelists in America who might be quickly named is of the earlier Anglo-European stock. Which may account for their preference for the more intellectualized and highly elucidated love adventure, pushed occasionally into regions of spiritual clarity that constitute a real "advance" in the love life of the race.

It should be noted that in the United States, literary criticism and reviewing are the usual resort of the young, even very young, foreign or foreignly derived writer, while he is acquiring detailed familiarity with American life. It is to this that we must attribute the over-emphasis of the imperfectly Americanized treatment of sex in fiction, and the neglect of the more humanly treatment by an equal number of equally competent novelists. Further, the fact that our stage and our moving pictures are almost wholly under the direction of men whose racial experience is outside and far short of the best Anglo-American tradition, seems to me to cover most of the just complaint that American fiction, written or played, is thin, immature, and of a slightly clinical flavor.

God is Still Undiscovered

Condensed from Good Housekeeping (June '23)

Basil King

THE term "Christendom" is little more than a geographical expression. That it includes those people who, in a vague and indiscriminating way, admit that Jesus Christ was right, is the most that can be said for it. Only by discarding conditions which the Master would have called essential, can the nations which make up Europe and America be considered Christian. As it has always been, so it is today: only individuals grasp the significance of His mission and find in it their inspiration. No groups, no societies, no nations, do this more than verbally. Nominal assent and practical dismissal might be said to stamp the attitude of Christendom to the Sermon on the Mount. If this can be said of the most human and appealing of all codes of conduct, still more is it true of those "mighty works," He commanded His followers to perform. As to them, His injunctions are for the vast majority of Christians neither more nor less than a dead letter. It is but a truism to observe that any Christianity we see around us is a crude distortion of the Pattern to which it is supposed to conform.

For this lack of assimilation there is a good reason. Though individuals have apprehended Truth, they have been scattered members of an undeveloped race. For the race as a whole the teachings and acts of the Christ are as yet too large, too noble, too practical, too easy, and too hard. They represent the goal. We represent the players in the game, and the game is just beginning. It should not be forgotten that even the most enlightened portions of the human race are as yet in a low state of evolution, and that

their period of advance has been relatively short. Yet during that time the ascent has been rapid. We have only to contrast the achievements of today with those of the age of Abraham, or of Herodotus, to see how great has been the gain. It has been not only material gain, but intellectual and moral. Each new year sees a quickened pace in going forward. And those who will be in a position to look back 20 or 40 or 60 years to our present stage of accomplishment will find us amusingly antiquated. But to ourselves we seem as the last expression of the Almighty's expression, equal to anything. We have mastered the sea and air, and with telescopes peered into the unseen. Feeling that there is nothing beyond us, we expect from ourselves so much that we grow bewildered and amazed at our lack of success. We *ought*, we think, to do better. When we fail to do better, we seek some scapegoat like incorrigible human nature, or the insufficiency of the clergy, on which to throw the blame. We spend much time criticizing. No institution comes in for this more insistently than the Church. It is not my purpose to defend the Church. I wish merely to show some of the conditions which she has always been "up against." We have taken it for granted that the race as a whole was able to receive the message of the Church. My contention is that it was not, and is not yet. It may be urged that it is already 2000 years since that gospel was first preached, but again, in the evolution of mankind, 2000 years are no more than a watch in the night. In another 2000 years we may hope

that the teachings of Christ will be better apprehended; in another 10,000 years they may really be seen as the only rule for man. For the present they are as advanced mathematics to the boy who is struggling with simple arithmetic. We prove daily that corporate acceptance is beyond us. Only individuals in our present stage are able to receive and appropriate, as has always been the case in the past.

The review of a few of our mortal limitations will, I think, prove the point of our insufficient development.

1. The system of Jesus, which is radically spiritual, is given to a world materially minded in nearly all its ways of thinking. The control of Spirit over matter, over worldly affairs, and over human life was the foundation plank on which Christ based all His methods of operation. This control the race has never been able to admit. Even now, when physical science is coming round to demonstrate its correctness, the reluctance to believe in it is not in any way removed. We might say that Christendom, in theory accepting the principle of Jesus, has in practice woven it into a densely material scheme of life, which is neither wholly material nor wholly spiritual. This is as far toward the daring and mighty attitude of Jesus as our degree of development has yet permitted us to go. It is for this reason that the Church, ideally spiritual, and spiritual only, has often the external and visible aspect of a mercantile establishment. That is to say, the materialism of the race usurps the functions of the race and misrepresents them. The Church of Light is seized by the Children of This World and turned into a Church of This World. It is not the Church that is to blame; it is the captors. The Word of God becomes dulled and deflected. In other words, the materially-minded race is as yet neither able to assimilate the exam-

ple of Jesus, nor to let it go. It can only take it and corrupt it.

2. In the same way the race has been unable as yet to receive The Christ's large liberality. We have not yet outgrown the impulse to seek domination. One man tries to dominate another, one nation another, one Church another. Governments dominate their citizens; churches their adherents. Mankind has not outgrown the ruling of the god Authority. I am not condemning this; I am speaking of it as a limitation. It is as far as we can go. The Church, whichever way you look, is a church not primarily of spiritual power, but of intellectual touchstones. It would govern your opinions rather than your mode of life. Individuals able to read their own Bibles and form their own religious views, are few and far between. A Church of the Free is not possible. To get corporate action the god Authority must be bolstered up, and to bolster him up one system of reasoning is as valid as another. When you come down to a fine point, the difference between one church and another is not much greater than that between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee.

This situation is one of which the Children of This World have never been slow to take advantage. In the degree to which the Children of Light have sought dictation the Children of This World have always been ready to dictate. The result has been a series of religions in which no two agree, in which every one is hostile to every other, and yet in which no single one, Protestant or Catholic, does not seek to control the minds and beliefs of those who are willing to be so controlled. The opening to human ambition is obvious. The history of the Church, in almost any of its branches, is a record of the ability with which bold and unscrupulous men have ruled the morally pusillanimous by tyrannizing over their consciences. We can only lament that

our race has not developed to a point at which it can make better use of the Master's presentation of God.

3. Akin to domination is fanaticism. We get fanaticism when some one seizes some genuine fact concerning God, and so draws the conclusion that God must be supporting him against all who have seized any other facts with the whole of His Almightyness. This presumption has made wars; it has created schisms; it has set back civilization; it has frustrated the good intentions of every thing known as a Church.

The seed of fanaticism is in the conviction that a single individual can know all about God that there is to know. Whatever is not known to this individual, or whatever is viewed differently, is error to be rooted out by fire and sword. To the Children of This World fanaticism has always been a favorite means of stampeding the Church and wrecking it. The wars inspired by fanaticism, the animosities it engenders, the persecutions in which it revels, often connect themselves with religion, but as a matter of fact religion has nothing to do with them. Fanaticism seizes on religion, as it will often seize on something political, or something patriotic, in order to assuage its passions. But wherever it appears it makes the assimilation of Truth impossible. The breadth, the generosity, the liberality, the tolerance, the charity, that go with the knowledge of God can find no room in the fanatic's narrow heart. Time and time again the Children of Light have allowed fanaticism to nullify all their discoveries in God, all their adventures into Love. Under such names as Faith, Loyalty, Devotion, they have been hoodwinked by the Children of This World — in all churches and in all countries. Everywhere the Children of This World are in the saddle, driven by the will to dominate, with fanaticism as a scourge.... This belongs to our degree of racial development.

The best we can do is to struggle, to watch, to pray against being taken in ourselves. There is no hope in this respect for progress in the mass. That the individual should train himself to be tolerant, generous, awake to the fact that Truth, Life, God, are larger than he or any group can compass — this, at the present time, would seem to be our utmost.

4. At the opposite extreme from fanaticism is the human tendency to become static. The Nazarene Master worked as well as taught. His gospel was a gospel of dynamics. Preaching, doctrine, were not enough; things were to be *done*. He put forth no dogmas; He built no churches; He trained no choirs. But He fed the hungry; He gave sight to the blind; He caused lame men to walk; He freed epileptics from their seizures; He bound up the broken heart. And there was nothing final in the work of Jesus of Nazareth. He takes pains to say so. Those who called themselves by His Name were to overtake Him — *and go further*. The operation of religion was to be like that of Nature, ever richer, ever fuller, more and more marvelous in its pouring out. In proportion as the religion of Christ has become a religion of talk it has become one of frozen energies. For the system tends to make of the listener a listener and nothing more. Some personal moral restraint that leaves the world not much less wicked than it has always been; some philanthropy which but tickles the surface of our social ills; some amount of pious yearning, not often transmuted into doing; some sensuous enjoyment of the music and ritual our richer churches are able to provide; a tolerably generous contribution to our funds; listening always, and always going away and forgetting what was said; these may fairly be said to represent the big activities of a static religion in which talking and listening

have come to be the most important spiritual duties.

Once more it is a case of the Children of Light allowing themselves to be gulled. The Children of This World masked behind theological bastions have confused the issue in so many ways, that the genuine seeker after that which will satisfy the hungry soul often does not know in which direction to turn. A religion of action has been distorted into one of words. Argument is raised against argument, till it would appear that the Holy Ghost is speaking with nearly 400 contradictory voices through nearly 400 sects of Protestants and Catholics. All this is no part of religion. It is part of the childishness of men. The condition belongs to our racial age, and out of it we shall grow.

5. The knowledge of God as revealed by Jesus is that of the Universal Father. This we have never been able to accept. There are individuals who *know* that they have a Heavenly Father, and who live in that knowledge. There are no nations who do so, and no Churches. The reality to us of the Fatherhood of God can be put to a very simple test in the reality of the Brotherhood of men. We do not even try to reach such an ideal. The Churches do not try, otherwise they could not be separated from one another by barriers of mutual coldness, disapproval, indifference, hostility. The Baptist is not a brother to the Anglican; and so on. So, too, among nations. The Frenchman is not a brother to the German, nor the Roumanian to the Bulgarian. And without a sense of Brotherhood there can be no real sense of Fatherhood. St. John says: "If a man say, 'I love God,' and hateth his brother, he is a liar. For he that loveth not his brother whom he hath *seen*, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" Our practice of Brotherhood *must* be the test of our real belief

in God's Fatherhood. To a degree far beyond what we can estimate, the ills of the world today spring from disbelief in the Universal Father. Yet the conviction is dawning that only the knowledge of the Brotherhood of men will rescue us from our distresses.

The principle should be clear that the Heavenly Fatherhood and the Earthly Brotherhood are two aspects of the same truth. Christ's practice of Brotherhood was superb. He was the equal of the greatest and also the equal of the least. He went to dine with the semi-outcast publican and with the aristocratic Pharisee. He neither patronized the one nor condemned the other.... To this we seem as yet unequal. Individuals sometimes rise to it like eagles; nations and Churches flop with unfledged wings. Once more — the defect is not in the religion; it is in the race of men who as yet do not know what to do with it.

The battle which has gone on through the ages is not to be won today. It will not be won tomorrow. And yet each individual in each generation can do something in the way of winning it in the end. It is what we are here for. No one's bit of struggle need ever be in vain. Coming out of it a stronger man than when he went in, he adds by so much a little to our racial discovery of God.

After all, that is our great purpose — the learning to know God. The Bible shows us how other men learned to know Him, each in his degree. The work is not completed; it is only going on. It will continue to go on. It will go on till, as in the Apocalyptic Vision, the kingdoms of This World have become the kingdoms of Our God and of His Christ. Then, in the words of Habakkuk, the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.

"Movies" as Bonds of Understanding

Condensed from *Asia* (June '23)

Louis D. Froelick, Editor of Asia

A NOTABLE company of men and women, leaders in American life in statesmanship, in writing and publishing, in science, religion and the drama recently met at the Waldorf, New York, and issued this statement:

"We endorse, as a matter of national importance in acquainting our people with other peoples of the world, the project of making films of other races on the standard of 'Nanook of the North,' which tells the story of the Eskimo from the realities of life. The vital thing Mr. Flaherty, the maker of 'Nanook,' has done is to have found a principle upon which a large number of other films may be made, so full of dramatic interest that they will reach, as 'Nanook' has, the big 'movie' audience of the country and gain its enthusiastic approval. This broad audience at the present time is not interested in directly 'educational' films, but 'Nanook' is drama, education and inspiration combined. We believe that Mr. Flaherty's work will be an effective means of developing our international vision and is, therefore, a matter of broad public significance."

Asia has joined with Mr. Flaherty, who is not a motion-picture director by profession but an engineer and explorer interested in peoples, in a project for producing a series of films of other races of the world on the standard of "Nanook." Mr. Flaherty's film of the North has been rated by the best critics of this country and England as one of the 10 or 15 greatest films ever produced. Charles E. Hughes, and other equally prominent men regard the project as marking the opening of a new epoch in motion-pictures

of profound influence in developing a broader American international viewpoint. Mr. Flaherty left in April for Samoa, where he will live perhaps a year and a half studying and making friends with the people, preparatory to making a picture of the South Seas. Before he comes back he will have found a true interpretation of the life of these simple and natural people, which will reflect upon us a new interpretation of something our own lives might very well have more of. For Flaherty is an explorer — of things geographical, true — but in reality, of the human spirit.

The Eskimo and the Samoan! How can such films be of any large value in broadening our American vision on international affairs? Well, one cannot fail to feel after seeing "Nanook" a deep impression of the Eskimo's buoyant capacity for happiness under conditions of life bleak in the extreme, his courage in facing perhaps the hardest struggle for existence of any people on earth, his instinct of obligation toward his fellow man and his very evident contempt for the hoarding instinct of ourselves. There is a direct stimulation to us for a stripping of our daily lives of the trappings of civilization and a reaching for the permanent values in the relationships of man to man. Flaherty has told me of Nanook's loyalty, unselfishness and courage on their trips together over the snow of Hudson's Bay. Flaherty has told me of watching the Eskimo come into a trader's shack stocked by food hoarded by the white man for himself. The amazement in the Eskimo's face as he beheld this great supply of food bespoke the contempt of his race, trained by extreme pri-

vation to an instinct to share. He could not conceive of a man of his own race, having the good fortune to spear a seal, when his neighbors were reduced to nothing—going off to hide his catch for his own meat. Such a man could not have lived down the contempt of his people.

These are the sorts of things that have made the Eskimo, and that will make the Samoan, the instrument of telling a great story to the American people of the spirit of other races. Undoubtedly we are "the greatest race on earth." It is not so very long ago that even cultured people looked down upon the Chinese as only half human. Many of us now recognize the Chinese as one of the most human races on earth. Their sense of humor alone is to me a symbol of how great a place in the family of nations the Chinese are bound to hold when they come into a full expression of their influence. Once we Americans begin to convince ourselves that other races are not only interesting but sensible in many of the reasons for their habits and customs — once we begin really to admit that their philosophy of life may be in some respects even closer to the truth than ours — we are going to find a community of interest and be much more ready to take our fair share of responsibility in world affairs.

Flaherty, Nanook's friend and companion, knows the secret of a great primitive people. He knows their spirit of childlike friendship and affection. Nanook and many others of his race taught him. And Flaherty, new prophet of reality in the "movies," has transferred the impulse of mankind for sympathy, generosity and loyalty into pictures that millions may see.

Lord Robert Cecil is one of his intimate talks recently revealed from his own experience the most strik-

ing reason for the faith that was in him in the efficacy of the League of Nations as an instrument for world peace. When the same individuals, representing various governments and highly conflicting interests, met continuously in one meeting after another and established thereby a relationship of personal interest in each other, national, economic and political differences that looked mountainous at the start, melted away. Reason and a sense of justice had a chance after prejudice had broken down — and settlements were easy.

If this is true of individuals representing governments, we believe that the same thing will be true of great masses of one people speaking intimately through Flaherty's type of film to great masses of another people. We believe that when a splendid series of films of this nature begins to reach into the homes of the entire country, we shall get to know these peoples as friends. Our national isolation, and perhaps our national egotism, must be modified.

The Flaherty type of picture should have another effect possibly even broader. In these days, when the school is tending more and more to the aid of the visual in education and when the church has begun to realize that the Sunday-school of a generation ago has lost its power with the present generation, the "movie" theatre has a remarkable chance. Flaherty's "Nanook" was better than many Sunday-school lessons for the child in communicating an inspiration for qualities of character our civilization tends to cover up. Not many careful parents permit the "movie" of today to reach the child. A series of pictures of Flaherty's type would make the "movie"-house something of theatre, school and church combined.

Holland's War with the Sea

Condensed from The National Geographic Magazine (Mar. '23)

James Howard Gore

IT is not the sea alone that calls for defending dikes in the Netherlands, more familiar to many as Holland. Every outlet into the sea must have embankments high enough to overtop the highest incoming tide, for twice every day these outlets become estuaries of the sea. The farmers frequently build their houses under the lee of these banks, and from the deck of a passing steamboat one can literally look down the chimney.

The Dutch word "polder" is a term applied to any area of land protected by an encircling dike and drained by its own system of pumps. Some of these were originally ponds or lakes, or deposits of wet muck which have to be inclosed by substantial embankments, and the removal of the water in the first instance as well as subsequently is a serious matter. The polders vary in size from 2 or 3 acres to 40,000 acres and they lie from a few inches below the level of the sea to 18 feet below it. The former were drained by single windmills, while in the latter cases the best pumping machinery was kept in operation for years.

The interior of each polder is cut with ditches and canals, which conduct the drainage to the point where pumps are established to lift the water over the bank into the encircling canal. In summer droughts the reverse process brings in a bountiful supply of water for irrigation purposes.

In the Rhineland district there are 90,000 acres of land which would be under water still were it not for the skill, capital, and energy of the doughty Dutch warriors. The Beemster Lake was drained by the use of 44 windmills, which, after two years'

constant operation converted this body of water into a polder of 28 square miles. Its rim dike is more than 20 miles in length and the land within lies at a uniform depth of 16 feet below the level of the sea. This protecting rim serves also as a wind brake, and the forward vegetation in the early summer proves that within the basin the climate is milder than it is without.

The most important change wrought by man upon the face of Holland was the drying up of the Haarlem Lake, which had a circumference of 37 miles and an area of 44,280 acres. At one time fleets of 70 ships had fought upon the lake and on more than one occasion storms have strewn its banks with wrecks. In 1836 a violent wind drove the waters of the lake into the streets of Amsterdam. They swept over one polder after another and covered dikes and roads and even bridges, until 100,000 acres of land was under water and 18,000 acres of polder completely filled. An entire year was consumed in freeing the submerged lands and great losses resulted from the overflow. This was the final provocation. Eleven immense pumps were set at work, but at the end of 11 months the level of the lake was lowered only 5½ inches. Twenty-two more pumps began working in April, 1849, and in July, 1852, the lake was dry.

A gridiron system of canals, with a total length of 750 miles, furnishes the interior drainage. The area is now occupied by about 12,000 people, and their products are the choicest of the land. In this vast plain, so recently the bottom of a navigable lake, straight roads are bordered with trees, substantial and even elegant

farmhouses are seen on every hand, periodical cattle markets are held, the motor bus makes its stated trips, a steamboat plies on the encircling canal, grain mills are at work, and life within the polder is independent of that without.

The land that is lower than the sea becomes so saturated with moisture that it must be drained. Ditches form the dividing line between farms. When these become full, the water is pumped by windmill power into larger ditches, having higher banks, and from these into another still higher, until a canal is reached which has an outlet to the sea. However, not all the windmills are used for pumping. Some furnish the power for sawmills, so plentiful in this ship-building country, others drive machinery for the extraction of oil, for grinding grain, or crushing stone. If one wants to see Holland on its windmill side, one should go to Zaan-dam and look upon its famous 400 and enjoy the way in which their proud owners, in a lavish use of strong colors, seem to catch just the right tones to go with the gray-blue haze that so often hangs over the lowlands.

The war with the watery element is not always open and above ground. In digging nearly every foundation a superabundance of water is encountered and the building itself must rest upon piles. The piles are covered with a heavy flooring, on which the brick walls are erected, and later a six-story building stands on wooden feet. But the pump must keep up its monotonous throbbing. When will it cease? Never. Under the building there is a catch basin, and when it becomes full it must be emptied, and this will be often.

About the middle of last century it was discovered that a shellfish was industriously perforating submerged piles. An examination showed that at many places the very bulwarks of Holland's safety were honeycombed.

This discovery threw the country into dismay—a worm had made Holland tremble. The more important piles are now covered with a copper sheathing.

More than once a terrific deluge, which is part of every Dutchman's tomorrow, has swept down one of the valleys, or from the sea itself. No wonder that Diderot was surprised that the Dutchmen ever dared to go to sleep. In a single day the revengeful waters have carried away 20, 30, and even 40,000 lives. In most countries wealth begets idleness. In Holland, never. A little crevice in the dike, unnoticed for a few hours, might permit the devastation of a district, and even with the most watchful care the possessions of one day are no guarantee of the wealth of the next. The possibility of a coming misfortune makes every one generous, and the hundreds of charitable organizations in Holland prove that this generosity assumes tangible form. The inhabitants of a country are, in a large measure, molded by external influences. In no other country is this so clearly true as in Holland, and the tourist who wishes to bring home something more than memories of cities, who wants to feel his soul expand by coming close to influences that are character-building, should include this country in his itinerary. Holland, without quarries, has erected stately buildings and substantial cities and faced miles of sea-coast with protecting pavement; almost without timber, she has built ships which have made it possible for her factories to run, and Dutch ships carry finished products to distant lands. Holland, more than any other region under the sun, illustrates the power of industry and perseverance. The very existence of the country is a paradox in physical geography. Its people have the undeniable right to look upon their work and say, "It is good."

The Rhodes Scholar at Oxford

Condensed from Scribner's Magazine (June '23)

Frank Aydelotte

NO restriction is placed upon the Rhodes Scholar's course of study. He may read for any degree, in the same wide range of subjects, from Classics to Agriculture, offered by American universities. Instead of attempting, as we do in the United States, to insure liberality by insisting upon a wide range of subjects, Oxford trusts to the breadth with which a single subject is treated. General knowledge of things outside his specialty, which the American student gets by taking a large number of miscellaneous courses, the Oxford student gets by general reading. What the English academic discipline lacks in extent as compared with ours is made up in thoroughness.

The Rhodes Scholar is a little puzzled at first to know just what he is expected to do at a given hour. There is no "signing up" for the lectures he expects to attend, no required number of hours per week, no daily assignments, no mid-term tests or hour exams. His only hard-and-fast engagement is to call on his tutor once a week at a specified hour to read an essay which he has written on a specified topic. To his surprise he will find his tutor dubious about the value of attending too many lectures. The lecturer keeps no roll of the members of his class, and it is the common practice of undergraduates to sample various courses at the beginning of the term and to continue only in those which seem to them worth while. This is the practice which one's tutor generally recommends.

The system is wonderfully simple. The method is to prescribe not what the undergraduate should "take," but what he is supposed to know, to allow him a certain time in which to acquire that knowledge, and then to

examine him to see whether he has acquired it. The aim is rather to develop the power of thought, to grasp a certain limited field of knowledge, than the acquisition of a store of facts. The American takes courses, the Oxford man studies a subject. With our elective system, in which one "hour" is equal to another, and regardless of any relationship, it is easy for the student to escape altogether the notion that he is supposed to fuse these diverse subjects into a unified body of knowledge and into a unified point of view toward life. He is apt to come to think of education purely in quantitative terms. A man cannot do this at Oxford. The very lack of system brings him face to face with the realities of education. His work is merely outlined for him, in the book "Examination Statutes." He prepares himself for these examinations by his own efforts under the direction of his tutor. But success depends, more than anything else, on one's own industry and initiative. Perhaps capacity for independent work is the most important academic result of the Oxford system.

The English have developed the fine art of examining to a very high degree of accuracy. This is proved by the fact that the results of examinations offer a good prediction of success in after-life; there is not so great a discrepancy between success in college and success in after-life as there is in this country. A man is not examined by those who have the responsibility of teaching him. Examinations come at the end of a year or two years of work rather than term by term, or week by week. They are usually of the essay type, and their attempt is to discover power of thought in deal-

ing with the subject rather than merely to test the memory for specific details. A man ordinarily has from 7 to 12 three-hour papers following each other at the rate of two a day. Cramming for such a series of tests is impossible. His answers must not merely contain information, but must be well thought out and well written. Later, he appears before his examiners for an oral.

But life at Oxford is not all work. Indeed, the hardest part of an Oxford man's work is done in the vacations, and term-time (altogether less than 26 weeks) is very largely given over to living the Oxford life. From this the Rhodes Scholar gets a great deal that he could never get from books. If I were to single out from all the beauty and intensity and good-fellowship the two things which are likely to mean most to Americans, I should say they are talk and sport. Perhaps these are the two things which occupy most of the hours of the average English undergraduate. If he spends 4 or 5 hours a day at his books and lectures, he is considered reasonably industrious, and may with good conscience spend 10 or 12 on social affairs with his fellows, in numberless breakfasts, lunches, teas, coffees, and club meetings, or in keen athletic competition with them on the river or the courts or the playing fields with which the colleges are so generously supplied. The undergraduate learns from his fellows innumerable lessons in getting on with other people. He has the chance to learn to use his ideas in action rather than merely to hold them suspended in his mind. Most Rhodes Scholars would say that Oxford talk is the best talk in the world. The life is so arranged as to provide the leisure and stimulus for it. In the almost unique intimacy and good-fellowship of Oxford

life where men from every nation and every class are living together, a man feeds intellectually on a rich diet which not every man can digest. The Rhodes Scholar will need all his characteristically scanty store of general information and more than all of the scanty American toleration of ideas not current in the United States. If he can become a part of what he meets, he may return from Oxford a citizen of the world.

The Rhodes Scholar gets an international point of view. He gets a new conception of the kinship of the English-speaking nations of the world. One of the great surprises in store for him is the similarity which he finds between his own point of view and that of the Rhodes Scholars from Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa. And as he returns time after time from his vacations on the Continent, he wakes up with surprise to find that the differences which he noted at first, between English ways and his own, are less significant. Finally, he wakes up to the discovery, rarely made on this side of the Atlantic, that our civilization is English at bottom, significant of a common way of looking at life—a common belief in freedom, in individual effort, and in sportsmanship, which are the real heritage of the Anglo-Saxon race. And he comes to see, as Rhodes saw, that this code of life distinguishes the whole English-speaking race from the French of 1789, the Germans of 1914, and the Russians of 1920. He is likely to come furthermore to the belief that this point of view, if it could be applied to international problems as it has been so successfully to disputes between man and man, would work out slowly but surely the riddle of these perplexing times.

(Athletics at Oxford, and the way in which the Rhodes Scholar spends his vacations, will be discussed next month.)

Hollywood—A State of Mind

(Continued from the May Issue of the Digest)

Katharine Fullerton Gerould

A WELL-KNOWN movie star (not yet 20 years old) came recently, for the first time in her life, to New York. When she alighted from her train there were no brass bands, no throngs of admiring fans, to greet her; and out of sheer surprise and disappointment—as much surprise, I take it, as disappointment—she wept. The tale is amusing; but all the same it is terrifying, if one muses for a little on its implication. A girl of 19 or so, of whom thousands of the most intelligent Americans have never even heard, expected to arrive in our greatest city and be greeted as if she were Marshal Foch or the President of the United States—as if, in other words, she had rendered heroic service to mankind, or had been chosen by a great people to control its destinies. The story may not be true; but the motion-picture magazines printed it, not ostensibly as a joke. A certain child in Hollywood, not yet 8 years old, has made so much money that his parents have gone to court to get the responsibility and possible odium of managing his finances shifted from their own shoulders. Another star—under age—is so rich that she has appealed for legal protection from her mother's interference with her affairs. And so on. What wonder that we are told that Hollywood has more pretty waitresses and chambermaids and shop girls than any other city in the world? For Hollywood is the complete proof that you have only to be pretty in a way that the camera likes, in order not only to be rich and beautifully dressed, but to be called a genius and to be mobbed out of sheer public adoration. Never before has anything been so cheap and easy;

and it is for the cheap and easy success that we are always looking. The fact that thousands must fail where one succeeds makes little difference; because the pretty young thing is shrewd enough to know that, except for that filmable face, which is a matter of luck, she is quite as well equipped for triumph as most of the stars. She knows that they are very ordinary folk; and not only do they get the material rewards, but they are personally treated—in print, at least—as if they were saints or geniuses.

I do not see why Mr. Rudolph Valentino should have received (as I saw it stated that he did) the freedom of the city of Boston. I do not doubt it has been conferred on individuals less worthy of it, personally, than he, since Boston municipal politics are one of the least creditable features of that beautiful city. But why? On what score? Did they ever give it to Edwin Booth or to Henry Irving? Perhaps; I do not know. But I can see that if Mr. Valentino was to have thrust upon him the freedom of one of our most dignified and historic cities, the young lady who did not get even a brass band in New York was perhaps, to some extent, justified of her tears.

It is, I hope, clear why I have called Hollywood an American state of mind. Hollywood, you see, illustrates our general lack of the sense of proportion, our tendency to distort values. It is not Hollywood, California, that we need to be worried about: it is the Hollywood in the heart of us all. More and more, you may have noticed, the advertisements

insist on the lack of effort demanded by purchasers. We began with labor-saving devices; we have come to labor-eliminating devices. Once, we banted when we were fat; now, "with no hateful walking or rolling or dieting," we grow thin to music. They are cutting the clay packs down to 5 minutes instead of 40. Fifteen minutes a day will make you a desirable dinner-guest at any table in the land. You can learn professional dancing in a few lessons by mail. All you need, in fine, is to give up a little of your spare time—those moments when you would not be doing anything, anyhow—to become a Talleyrand, a successful artist, or a captain of industry.

That there is a brave aspect to this optimism of ours is undeniable. In a practical sense, we could not do better, perhaps, than try for all these alleviations of our lot. Make-believe often keeps adults happy as well as children. The danger comes when we transfer our make-believe to things of the mind and the spirit. Then, abuse of terminology becomes immoral. We are not willing to take the arduous steps necessary to achieving the reality; therefore we do not get it. But, even as we are content with the semblance of effort so we are content with the semblance of achievement. We do not want the thing itself so much as we want the reputation of having it. The process is relentlessly logical. First, we wanted all the things that had a prestige value; then, knowing that they were hard to come by, we took any short-cut that advertised itself; now, being almost as shrewd as we are sentimental, and realizing uncomfortably that you cannot often get something for nothing, we incline to be satisfied if we can convince some one else that we are what we are not. What the advertisements really promise you is a successful camouflage. And, more and more, we are becoming content with successful camouflage.

John Milton told us long ago, the

ultimate truth about the acquisition of prestige values: "to scorn delights and live laborious days." A man does not expect to succeed in the competitive struggles of the business world without giving years of keen thought and service; nor is he always rewarded with wealth at the end. No serious artist in any field expects to master his medium save by unremitting toil; and — genius apart — he knows that the most brilliant promise flickers out unless it is backed up by effort.

Some people will tell you that it is democracy itself that is responsible for our lack of intellectual, aesthetic, and spiritual standards: that if a standard must be theoretically attainable by all, the standard must be lowered. Others will tell you that it is modern materialism that has fattened the cheeks and eyelids and closed the organ of vision. For whatever reason, let us be content with noting the fact that we have grown mentally lazy; and, being incurable idealists in our own sloppy fashion, we have not been willing, for the mere joy of laziness, to accept the disadvantages of indolence. Therefore we have unconscionably lied to ourselves and to one another. We have paid with words. Any American can tell you why the Russian ruble is no good. But can he tell you why we shall eventually go spiritually bankrupt unless we mend our ways? American presses are working overtime to turn out certificates of value by the million. These mental rubles bear different mottoes: one of the most frequent is certainly "God's in His heaven—All's right with the world!" That has as many reassuring variants as there are printing presses. But the fact remains that, whatever the obedient flesh may do, the mind that has grown fat cannot be "reduced" to music in ten minutes a day. For that, we must "purge, and leave sack and live cleanly," as one Falstaff recommended.—Harper's Mag. (May '23).

America's National Defects

Condensed from Current History (June '23)

Elizabeth Tilton

PRESIDENT EMERITUS ELIOT of Harvard says:

The main defects are plain enough. Most Americans, educated or uneducated, rich or poor, young or old, except men well-trained for the professions, cannot see or hear straight, make an accurate record or remember what they have just seen or heard, or draw the just inference from premises, true or false, which they accept.

Again, 20th century Americans, educated and uneducated alike, manifest a capacity for gregarious excitement which for the time being destroys the judgment and often leads to foolish action. This tendency is manifested in political conventions, labor union meetings, "drives" for multifarious objects, religious revivals, stock exchanges with their preposterous rumors, and public ball games. It produces long-continued screaming or howling, and other irrational demonstrations. These manifestations of mental instability in throngs have increased rapidly within the past 25 years, speeded up by the strenuous, agitated, hurrying life which most Americans have lately been living.

Most persons with whom I have talked agree that one of our main characteristics is a great mental restlessness. "The United States," says Lord Bryce, "is the most unrestful country in the world." We are a nervous, keyed-up, kind, proud and flitting people, at once timid and enthusiastic. For example, in dealing with the 400,000 members of my own organization, I find them all eagerness for some new measure, but not leaving enough energy behind to establish the old. In short, intellectual restlessness is a menace to law enforcement, drudgery, thoroughness. It also militates against that quality that Gladstone said was basic to the success of all large movements, power to keep the Central Aim and let the small-fry frictions go.

Other ways of noting our tempera-

ment bring out the real danger to democracy lying therein. Take, for illustration, the referendum. The Boston Herald asks, "Is the virtuous principle 'let the people rule' on which our country was founded not being carried to an excess, where it becomes a madness? California in its zeal for this great principle has placed on the ballot 34 referenda, most of them on technical questions. Are there any known human beings that are fitted to pass on 34 referenda and yet here are an over-busy people deciding them not out of knowledge, but out of an excitement engendered probably the day before from the last slogan in the latest newssheet." "History shows that freedom is a very precarious possession which a nation cannot continue to enjoy for many centuries unless it uses it with exceptional wisdom," says Dr. Hadley, of Yale. Surely, 34 referenda brings to bear on government the very opposite of exceptional wisdom—and yet the referendum idea is spreading.

Are we not tending, with our intellectual restlessness, to produce the worst kind of poverty—poor thinking, and its consequence, government undermined by ignorance? And having so concluded, can we find remedies; remedies that teach us to exchange ready-made slogans for the habit of weighing evidence; to separate prejudice from fact, irrational excitement from common sense and poor heroes for those of a high-grade?

Talking with educators on what should be done to make the thought of today better, they give this answer: "If you try to make the American boy do the drudgery, routine

work that alone makes careful thinking, he breaks under it. His nervous restlessness demands more variety. This is why Dr. Eliot says that the first step towards curing the growing irrational excitement of our people is physical education. To overcome our faults (the dangers of democracy) we have first to create a less keyed-up type. We need to institute not a "drive" but a Hundred Years' Crusade to build up first class physical-fitness.

And what of our idealism? I think we must all agree that along with our mental restlessness and our tendency to carry too far our theory of "let the people rule," let everything be done by everybody, our idealism has suffered under the mentality of capitalism. Mr. Henry Morgenthau in his "All in a Life-time," indicates a slipping of this idealism in the last 40 years owing to our pre-occupation with business; years, he says, in which the energies of the people were absorbed in the conquest of the West. "Masters of fortune amassed gold beyond the wildest dreams of even gem-laden Oriental potentates. . . all alike money-mad." Under such conditions, he says, the hero becomes the money-maker, honors go to him rather than to the patriot or the statesman, and as a result the best brains of the country are drained out of public service into business life. Men who should be leading great public causes are giving the last drop of their over-taxed intellects to being Presidents of Corporations and what is worse *brook no movements that threaten their vast aggregations of capital*. Of course, under such conditions idealism sinks. The boy grows up worshipping the man of millions rather than the man of vision, and this man of millions sits on every board smothering any change in thought or action that will upset the existing order into which his fortune fits. Thus, fear reigns in place of bold advance into wider fields. Nationalism, for example,

rushes ahead and internationalism lingers.

What, for example, curbs the final achievement of reasonable enforcement of prohibition? The mental restlessness, the lack of persistence enters in here; but far more inimical is the depletion of idealism, of manliness that gladly sacrifices personal appetite to the good of the whole. The sons of Capital, turning into malefactors of superior intelligence, create a "Rich Rebellion against Prohibition," which so lowers the morale of courts and police as to make Prohibition well-nigh unenforceable in spots. It is this spirit that kills. And its power is made greater by that very principle of ours, *let everybody do everything*. The "half-taught plutocrat" fights progress through his ability to mould the opinion and buy the votes of the ignorant newcomer. Under such conditions government tends to be run not by exceptional wisdom but by selfish and ignorant thinking. A vanishing middle-class is a great menace to good government, for with it economic thinking tends to vanish too, thinking for the greatest good of the greatest number.

Race-Survival or Race Degeneracy? I like to believe there is still enough clean, virile manhood to achieve the former, but the American people must be willing to visualize their faults and put themselves in training to overcome the Four Great American Paupers:

1. Poor Idealism—worship of the man of millions rather than the man of vision.
2. Poor Thinking—excess of emotional thought.
3. Poor Democrats—refusal to bow to majority rule and obedience to law.
4. Poor Persistence—enthusiasm that puts through the law but peters out in the harder task of enforcement.

The need is to re-trim our thinking constantly and systematically. Too many wicks are burning dim, throwing the light as far as the last slogan, but not as far as the "exceptional wisdom" that alone can make our democracy an enduring asset in the march of progress.

The Great Fallacy of Immigration

Condensed from *The World's Work* (June '23)

ONE of the most encouraging aspects of American life is the increasing interest that the American people are at last showing in immigration. The time is rapidly approaching when a sane national policy will supplant the dangerous and haphazard methods that have hitherto prevailed.

Nothing is so important to a nation as the calibre of the people that make up its population. It can obtain this population in only two ways; by natural increase or by immigration. The founders of the Republic had rational ideas on this subject. The sentimental theory that this virgin country was a place of refuge for distressed mankind never for a moment obtained possession of their minds. The one desirable way of increasing population, they believed, was the natural increment of the people already here. At the time the Constitution went into effect, in 1789, there were 4,000,000 Americans in this country; of these about 80 per cent were English in origin, about 7 per cent were Scotch-Irish, about 1 per cent were Irish and about 5 per cent were German. Washington, Jefferson, and the other great statesmen of the time believed that this stock would increase just as rapidly as the economic and agricultural opportunities of the new land developed, and that there was consequently no need of stimulating immigration.

The idea too widely prevails that the United States has been made by immigration, that without it our agriculture and our industries could not have been developed, and that our population would still be limited to a thin strip along the Atlantic seacoast. This, however, has not been the experience of other coun-

tries which for 100 years have admitted practically no immigrants. At the beginning of the 19th Century the population of England, for example, was 8,000,000; in 100 years this had grown to 32,000,000. This growth represented only the natural increase of the native population, automatically responding to increased economic resources and consequently increased food supply, and during this same period England sent millions to other lands. In Germany, the experience has been the same. The early history of the United States emphasizes the same point. We started with 4,000,000 in 1790; by 1850 this had grown to 23,000,000; in that 60 years only about 2,000,000 immigrants had come to this country, three-fourths of whom had arrived between 1840 and 1850. Thus it is apparent that the original population, in accordance with the forecasts of Washington and his contemporaries, was increasing in sufficient ratio to keep pace with the growth in our economic and agricultural resources.

Americans are inclined to think that the increase in population in the 19th Century was something peculiar to their own country, but in reality it was general throughout the world. This growth was only another way of stating that increased food supply, increased industrial opportunities, and improved methods of conserving human life are the outstanding facts in modern civilization. The phenomenon that distinguishes the United States from others is that, whereas most countries drew their increased population from their own loins, this country imported a considerable percentage from over seas.

The point can therefore be maintained that, had there been no immigration at all, the United States might be just as populous as it is at present, the only difference being that our 110,000,000 people would all be descendants of the 4,000,000 with which we started our national life. If the Irish and Slavs and Italians had not crowded the ranks of industry, the American workman would have built our railroads, and held all places, skilled and unskilled, in American industry. In the early 19th Century, native Americans dug the Erie Canal and constructed other great public works. The chief reason why the native stock has declined is that it has been supplanted by alien breeds. These alien breeds have supplanted the pioneer peoples simply because their living standards have been lower; they have been content to work for wages on which the established population could not subsist. The natural course has been that "Americans" have come to form a kind of "white collar" aristocracy; in the mass they are forced to live on wages which make impossible the rearing of large families. Thus immigration has had a social result in the North not unlike that produced by slavery in the South; it has made manual labor, especially unskilled labor, something degrading. The consequence is that America has had to depend upon miscellaneous human cargoes of immigrants. Immigration is therefore the main influence in lowering the birth rate of the native stock.

The real consideration is not the temporary need of industry, but the future of the country. Most Americans are now convinced that the masses of humanity that have come in the last 20 years from Eastern and Southern Europe do not form the material out of which a great nation can be built. The country has

all of these immigrants which it can assimilate. The fact that Mr. Gary and the packing houses need a few thousand employes is no sufficient reason for opening the flood gates again. More important still, immigration is itself the reason why Americans of the established breeds avoid manual work. They cannot endure the low wages and frequently the intolerable working conditions which these Europeans accept. The proper way to obtain a sufficient and capable working force is by improving working conditions and establishing a wage which will uplift the standard of living. The improper way is by importing hordes of inefficient men who will still further degrade manual occupations and cause a deterioration in the quality of American workmanship.

At present the "Nordic" element comprises about 80 per cent of our population. If more immigrants are to be admitted, every precaution should be taken to make sure that the vast majority of them belong to these Northwestern races. For this reason there is much virtue in accepting the 1890 census as the standard for the quotas instead of 1910. The argument is sound. Our population in 1890 was practically homogeneous; it was composed largely of the stocks which had built up the nation. This is probably the best solution of the problem that has yet been proposed. Northwestern Europeans are rapidly filling up their present quota, a fact which shows that there are plenty of hardy peoples in these enlightened countries who would gladly respond to this new offer of hospitality. Shutting the door to the less desirable classes would further stimulate their zeal, for the English and Scandinavian workman is just as much opposed to accepting low wages and impossible living conditions as are Americans themselves. This would be "selective" immigration of the right kind.

Better Brains—or Bedlam

Condensed from Pictorial Review (June '23)

Albert Edward Wiggam

OUR Puritan forefathers *lived* on parched corn, but they talked about God. They shot Indians through the port-hole with one eye and taught the Bible to their children with the other. And the thing which transformed America from a wilderness into a world-power was that the family of children numbered from 5 to 15.

Will those men and women of prayer and iron *and children* be America's continuing breed? Or will the children disappear and the prayer and iron vanish with them? Nothing is more certain in science than that godly people beget godly children, and an ungodly stock spawns a godless brood. In the building of nations, schools, industry, law and order, a godly race, high-born blood is everything—absolutely everything. Let us, then, turn the searchlight of science upon America's family prospect, for the prospect of the family is the destiny of the nation.

In 1920 the school-teachers of America who had any children at all had given birth to 2.2 children per family; the bootblacks had come within one-tenth of a child of giving birth to 4. This crude birth-rate, however, does not begin to measure to the full the relative contribution which bootblacks and school-teachers are making to the citizenship of tomorrow. Nearly all bootblacks marry and have children, while scarcely half of the school-teachers ever marry at all. As though some of the richest strains of the national blood were not committing suicide fast enough, we have by law, precedent, economic penalties, and social pressure forbidden a *married* woman to teach. Now, bootblacks may be just as worthy in the sight of God as

school-teachers; but it is not their wont to give new trends to thought and destiny. School-teachers on the other hand help to make a civilization possible where bootblacks may have boots to shine. It would seem, therefore, that only that nation was truly progressive which was increasing its school-teachers at a faster rate than its bootblacks, but, plainly, America has set out upon the opposite trend.

If we look further into one of the most thrilling pieces of literature published in recent years, which ought to have been among the "six best sellers," entitled "The Sixth Annual Report of the Birth Statistics of the United States," we find that in 1920, the lawyers and judges of America who had any families at all had 2.2 living children, while the janitors had 3.4; the authors, editors, and reporters had 2.1, while workers in stone quarries had 3.6; skilled mechanics had 2.6, while boiler-washers and engine-hostlers had 3.1; doctors had 2.1, and dance-hall keepers had 2.6, while scavengers made one of the best showing of all with practically 3 living children. . . It seems, to put it none too strongly, that America was simply "hell-bent" on taking a brief biological joy-ride, with the definite policy of later turning over its vast spiritual treasures to the less intelligent. For it is easy to read the meaning of such portentous figures. Every schoolchild knows that Burbank achieves his triumphs solely by selecting the best specimens for parents. There is no mystery about it. Farmers ever since Eden have done the same thing, only they have lacked Burbank's wizard eye to detect the best. But suppose that Burbank bred only from the worst! Well, that is

precisely what America is doing and what every civilization has done since the twilight of the gods. For this reason we read their history only in their ruins.

Back in 1912, Professor Ross, of the University of Wisconsin, in his "Changing America" showed that this anti-Burbanking process was then in full swing. A hundred students have since confirmed its rising tide. There recently came to Harvard from England, Professor William MacDougal, one of the foremost philosophers of the British Empire who, with all available facts as his sounding-board, sends out this warning: "When I see America dancing gaily, with invincible optimism down the road to destruction, I seem to be contemplating the greatest tragedy in the history of mankind."

Unfortunately, in order to impress us, statistics have to be written in blood. We lack imagination. We fail to see the depleted ranks of national leaders which stretch away to guide the coming generations. Their numbers are ever growing smaller and they are all that ever stands between any nation and its doom. We fail to picture our republic's future without its Adamsses, Edwardsses, Lees, Lowells, Randolphs, Perrys, and the thousand truly *First Families* whose souls gleam with genius and glory from every page of our history. They are today a dying race. And neither biologist nor statistician can easily discover their like among the inferior hordes which are bound to be left to people our soil by such tragic birth-rates as these.

Let us see what is bound to happen if the present tendencies *all* go on without a change. I think every biologist longs at times for a broad-casting station from which he could din the following questions of national life and death into the ears of the American people. Do you know that practically four babies must be born to every married couple who

have any children at all in order to keep the race from going backward? Do you know that the best available statistics indicate that out of every 100 voters the top 15 or 20 who furnish most of our college graduates and, therefore, nearly 90 per cent of all American leaders, are a dying race? That the next 20 or 25 who seem to be average high-school material, and who furnish most of our skilled workmen, are on the same road to race-suicide, while the least intelligent 25—who can hardly run a go-cart, let alone a democracy — are producing nearly one-half of the American citizens of tomorrow?

Do you know that democracy and modern life have in the last 150 years decreased the chances of a working man rising to the ranks of leaders by nearly two-thirds?

Do you know that while 1,000,000 country-born boys and girls produce 100 leaders, 1,000,000 city-born boys and girls produce in the same time 250 leaders? While part of this may be due to the stimulus, education, and richer opportunities of the city, yet several cautious studies indicate it is largely due to the fact that the abler, more enterprising people have moved for generations into the cities. Do you know that cities wreck nations; that they suck up the richest blood from the country and burn it in the fires of city ambition until by and by the strong blood of leadership is left neither in city nor country, and when leadership is gone civilization goes with it?

Do you know that democracy is at the cross-roads and that it must now become an object of critical study? Do you know that its final test will be its capacity to *breed an increasing supply* of leaders; that if it fails to do this both democracy and civilization will soon become what Lord Balfour said of the human race, "a brief and transitory episode in the life of one of the meanest planets"?

(To be continued)

The Art of Dining 2000 Years Ago

Condensed from *The Canadian Magazine* (May '23)

Cornelia G. Harcum

THE average Roman in the early days lived largely as the modern Italian does today, on the produce of his little intensively cultivated garden. Those of the better class believed that virtue and simple living were synonymous. However, Rome gradually grew wealthy, and with wealth came luxury and gluttonous living. Emetics were taken to prolong the joys of the appetite and prizes were offered for the invention of new dishes. Distinguished men vied with each other in claiming the honor of such a dish as a ragout of webbed feet of geese and cocks' combs. Goose liver was a delicacy, the liver being enlarged by cramming the goose daily with dried figs. Emperors often entertained large numbers of guests at tremendous expense. Tiberius once gave a banquet of 1,000 tables, and Caligula twice entertained the Senate and the Equestrian Order, together with their wives and children. Claudius gave frequent dinner parties at which often 600 guests reclined together. Vitellius's brother gave a banquet to celebrate the Emperor's arrival in Rome, at which 2,000 fish and 7,000 birds were served. Vitellius himself eclipsed even this at the dedication of an enormous platter. The chief ingredients of this famous dish were flamingo's tongues, mackerels' livers, pheasants' and peacocks' brains, lamprey's milk. This reminds one of a French dish in the 18th Century made of the tongues of 3,000 carp.

Not only the food but the flowers and perfumes at these banquets were very costly. In Nero's golden house, remains of which may still be seen on the Palatine Hill in Rome, the dining-room was vaulted, the ivory

compartments were made to revolve and scatter flowers, and they contained pipes which sprinkled perfume on the guests. The chief banqueting-room of the same emperor was circular and revolved day and night in imitation of the celestial bodies. At a banquet given in winter by one of Nero's friends the roses alone cost \$200,000.

The Romans reclined at meals. Around three sides of a square table were placed 3 couches provided with cushions. On each side of these 3 guests reclined, so that the ideal number of guests was usually 9. The hour for a formal Roman dinner was 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The Roman day began much earlier than our own. All business was over by 1 o'clock, then followed the bath, and dinner, at which it was customary to spend 3 hours at least. Nero is said to have begun dinner at noon and not to have left table until midnight, and the gossips tell us that Caesar often feasted with Cleopatra until day-break, but these were exceptions.

After the guests had taken their places at the table they removed their sandals, and slaves passed a basin and poured water for them to wash their hands. As knives and forks were not yet in vogue, and the guests ate chiefly with their fingers, it was necessary to repeat this courtesy after and sometimes during each course. Spoons were used for such things as the fingers could not manage. Between the courses a slave wiped off the table with a purple cloth and gathered up any bits which had fallen to the floor. The meal was served in courses, usually not more than 6. From the eggs to the apples was the Roman way of saying from

the first course to the last. The gluttonous Emperor Flagabulus is said to have given a dinner of 22 courses, the guests bathing after each course. On another occasion a progressive dinner was given; the different courses were served at different houses to which the guests went successively. The carving was usually done at table by a professional carver. He carved to music and gesticulated in a lively way as he pointed to the anatomy of every part. He was quite a prominent feature at pretentious dinner parties. . . Sometimes guests brought their own napkins, and when they did it was quite the proper thing to take them home filled with food purloined from the banquet. Frequently the guest of ancient days was given the bill of fare before he came to the feast. The poet Martial writes to invite a friend to dine at what he says will be a simple meal, and encloses the menu, so that he may not be disappointed if he accepts. The menu consisted of turnips, onions, tunny fish, hot cabbage, beets and fresh asparagus, sausages with porridge, beans and pork, raisins, various kinds of fruit, roasted chestnuts, and wine.

A strange custom at certain Roman dinner parties, one which offends our sense of fitness, was the serving of a double menu. The host and his distinguished guests were served with the finest of food, his humbler guests, though reclining at the same table, partook of a far less desirable variety of food. Be it said, however, that this custom never met the approval of the best people in Rome. Julius Caesar even put his baker in irons for serving him one kind of bread and his guests another.

The entertainment at dinner was often quite varied. During the long dinner period it was, of course, necessary to have some diversion than eating merely. Sometimes there were readings from Homer; again contemporary poets read selections from their works. This was one of the

means men relied on to make their poetry known to the public. Frequently too, as at Greek banquets, dancing girls, comedians and flute players amused the guests. Sometimes guests played games or even gambled at table. Augustus once gave each of his guests 250 denarii with which to play at dice. Costume parties seem also to have been in vogue with the Romans. In those days there was no charming hostess, for the men usually dined alone. Each family had one or more slaves who prepared the daily meal, but they were not sufficiently skilled for elaborate occasions and a special caterer was hired to prepare a formal dinner. These professional cooks stood in the market near the provisions and waited to be hired. They brought assistants and utensils with them.

Even at the time when the greatest luxury prevailed in Rome, a sterner set were preaching against it. Nero, for example, railed against the use of ice water and steaming hot dishes. Efforts were made to restrain luxury by laws regulating the number of guests, the amount that might be spent for a dinner, the kind of food and the way it was prepared. Julius Caesar placed his guards in the market to see that the laws were observed, and even despatched his soldiers to remove from the dining-room any article of food that had escaped the vigilance of the guards in the marketplace. It was unlawful to serve a dinner behind closed doors. Both Greek and Roman physicians wrote on dietetics. Whole wheat bread was considered very nourishing. Pliny tells us that water is more wholesome when it has been boiled. Highly seasoned foods were considered injurious. A Greek physician recommends apples for digestion. Roman physicians realized in their day that boiled meat was more wholesome than fried. We are apt to think that the science of dietetics is one which belongs to the modern world, but Solomon was quite right, "There is nothing new under the sun."

Morals for Men and Women

Condensed from Hearst's International (June '23)

William Jennings Bryan

IN any healthy society the forward looking and earnest people are always at work trying to improve life and its environment. They cannot be idle. Prohibition has been accomplished, and its enforcement will grow easier from year to year until all opposition will disappear and violators will be punished like violators of all other laws. The moral forces of society are now free to marshal behind the next reform and carry civilization another step forward on its upward pathway.

Three factors favor the forcing of the issue of sexual immorality. First, no one will doubt that liquor has always played a very large part in the luring from the path of virtue. Prohibition, moreover, will contribute very largely to the establishment of the single standard of morals. The second factor is that the advent of women into politics increases the power of the moral forces of society to deal effectively with the problem. The third, and perhaps most important factor, is education, which is the basis of progress. The World War threw a glaring light upon the physical penalties that follow sexual sin. Out of 2,500,000 men, the number suffering from *visible* venereal diseases at time of examination was 89,393. And note that, according to the officially approved basis of calculation of Vedder, in his work, "Syphilis and Public Health," published by permission of the Surgeon General, U. S. Army, had there been time to make laboratory blood-tests, there would have been disclosed between 375,000 and 500,000 syphilitic out of the 2,500,000 referred to. It is only fair to say that, astonishing as this percentage is, the average in the United States was small compared

with the averages in some other countries.

In dealing with this problem, the first movement must always be educational. In this country law is merely a crystallization of public opinion. And I may add that educational work must continue after the enactment of law to insure its enforcement. In one respect the problem with which we are to deal is a more difficult one than the liquor problem. The appetite for drink is not natural. In dealing with human passion we are curbing that which is not only natural but necessary. On the other hand, in fighting the liquor traffic we had to combat a tremendous pecuniary interest. We have no such consolidated power to oppose in our warfare against sex immorality.

Indulgence is not a physical necessity in man, any more than it is in woman. The man who gives rein to his passion outside of the law, faces an alternative: he either commits an incalculable crime, or he takes an unspeakable risk. Yet experience has shown that no *outward* force is sufficient to restrain man from sin. There is only one voice that can warn at all times, and that is the voice of God speaking to man through a conscience made sensitive by communion with Him. Even this conscience cannot restrain unless one avoids the *beginning* of evil. Passion may be likened to Niagara—the current is not irresistible until one is close to the falls; he can row across the stream in safety if he will keep away from the precipice, but he is helpless if he ventures too near. Christ gives us the only rule: desire must be stifled in the heart before it finds expression in act.

Law can give expression to the

moral sense of the Nation by declaring that there shall be but one standard of morality for men and women. It has been taken for granted in society since time immemorial, and in the enactment of numerous laws, that this kind of sin in man is only a misdemeanor while in woman it is deserving of the severest punishment. Exposure spells ostracism to a woman, while it scarcely calls down censure upon a man. In legislation the discrimination is specific and often ridiculous. In one of the States, for instance, until the law was repealed 15 years ago, one act of adultery on the part of the wife was sufficient cause for divorce, while a husband could be divorced only when the adultery was habitual. Bastardy subjected the man to a \$50 fine, while the burden of raising the child was cast upon the woman, not to speak of the still heavier punishment enacted by society. In the same State, the age of consent was placed at 14 years, while woman was denied the right to sign a deed until she became 21. Why, except that men made the laws, did these discriminations exist?

In police dealings with social vice, segregation is based upon the dual standard. It implies either a necessity on the part of man, or an inability on the part of government to compel restraint among men. The argument is that it is easier for the police to regulate immorality when it is kept within geographical lines. But this implies toleration, just as the argument in favor of a saloon in preference to bootlegging implies toleration of bootlegging. If the law is to be enforced there can be no toleration anywhere; and as a matter of fact public sentiment that will permit segregation is less likely to punish scattered immorality than sentiment that refuses segregation. There are degrees of determination back of enforcement. No law can be enforced by officials who are not in sympathy with the law. Here woman suffrage proves its value. With officials the fear of the voter is the beginning of

wisdom; women, armed with the ballot, are as readily obeyed as male voters.

There is one line of legislation as yet untried which promises far-reaching results. Strange to say, the home is least protected of all things of value. It is practically unguarded by statute. If a man desires to win away the affections of a wife from her husband there is little to deter him until the guilt of the parties is sufficient ground for divorce. He can carry on his assault, incurring only the risk of a civil suit or physical violence. The civil suit is largely a fiction, because of the prejudice aroused by an attempt to put a money value upon affection. Why not punish conspiracies against the home before they are consummated in its wreckage? There should be a law declaring the home a sacred institution and safeguarding its treasures as carefully, at least, as we safeguard jewelry and money, providing machinery for enforcement and penalties for violation. The law itself, giving expression as it would to a practically unanimous sentiment, would divert attention from the partial remedies now attempted by individuals and direct it to the complete remedies furnished by the courts. The fact that the aggrieved party could appeal for a restraining order or demand punishment for conduct inconsistent with marital duty, would be of incalculable value as a preventative.

Public opinion is the final compelling force. Dueling prevailed in the United States less than a century and a half ago. Now it is outlawed, and public sentiment conforming to our present laws puts the brand of cowardice upon the challenger instead of upon the challenged. The same change of sentiment can be brought about in regard to man's immunity from the code of honor by which women are judged. The libertine can be driven from society and the seducer can be isolated by public opinion as well as restrained by law.

Census of a Section

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post (June 2, '23)

Hal G. Evarts

THIS census, of course, is not accurate to a feather. It was not taken in one day, but instead was conducted throughout the course of two years, near Hutchinson, Kansas. It furnishes a cross-section of the bird life of an average square mile of cultivated land and will prove relatively true in other parts, the species differing according to the general character of the crops, forestation, climate and insect life of the countryside.

Approximately 20 pairs of robins rested in the various orchards, groves and hedgerows of that square mile. Even the city dweller with a square rod of lawn is familiar with the voracious appetite of the friendly redbreast; for the robin forages tirelessly. Who has not wondered at his capacity after watching him pull worm after worm from the lawn? Whether the robin hunts by ear or eye, the fact remains that he is the most successful detector of insect retreats — must be, of necessity, since it requires almost his own weight in insect food every day to live. This seems almost incredible, yet careful experiments, lasting over the course of months, have proved that a robin consumes 11 ounces of insect food per day. It is thus well within the limits of scientific reasoning to credit the robins of that one section of land with the death of 5000 pounds of bug life in one season. If we credit them with but 2000 pounds, and consider the tremendous increase of that ton of insects had they been permitted to survive, we still have established the vast economic value of 20 pairs of resident robins.

While taking the census I carried a camera and at odd intervals filmed

some of the family scenes of birds. While the camera was stationed by a brood of young thrashers for two hours, the nest was visited 11 times by one or other of the parents as they brought food, which consisted of 2 to 4 worms or grubs on each occasion. It was quite apparent that the average number of trips per hour would have exceeded this under ordinary circumstances, since it was evident that the nearness of the camera and my own presence near by occasioned the birds much concern. Several times the mother approached the nest with grubs dangling from her bill, only to depart and devour the food herself; likewise the male bird. Meanwhile the parents scouted continuously on the ground and in the trees, devouring many a hapless bug and grasshopper, occasionally stopping to scold me as I sat holding the string that was attached to the trip of the camera; but their thoughts seemed ever to dwell upon food. There were 14 pairs of thrashers in the area covered by the census.

Sixteen pairs of kingbirds and 4 pairs of shrikes reared their broods in the section. They are both voracious feeders, almost constantly on the hunt for insects. The shrike, in addition, preys upon mice. Baltimore and orchard orioles numbered about 22 pairs. Two pairs of red-headed woodpeckers and 5 pairs of flickers along with a half dozen families of barn swallows helped to swell the bird population. These birds are all largely insectivorous, and that most of them require practically their own weight of food per day is quite evident to anyone who observes their almost ceaseless activity.

A pair of cardinals made 7 trips to their nest in 30 minutes, bringing exactly 3 fat grubs on each occasion, one for each of the 3 ravenous fledglings. Approximately 35 pairs of mourning doves and some 60 pairs of grackles and crow blackbirds are in the section. The doves are vegetarians, but scientific experiments have established the fact that though they eat some grain, by far the greater part of their diet consists of weed seeds. The blackbirds, when in such small numbers, do little damage, easily offset by the great quantity of beetles and other insects they consume.

The ground-nesting birds, too, were well represented.... Largely insectivorous, they searched tirelessly in the grass and about the roots of growing crops for beetles, weevils, worms and insect eggs.... A very conservative estimate of the feathered residents of the section could be placed at 300 pairs. They were far outnumbered, however, by the migrants that visited it at various times during the year....

The Franklin gull is a lusty feeder. Naturalists, examining the stomach contents of these birds, have found 1157 beetles, bugs, ants, grasshoppers, and so on, in a single stomach. Imagine, then, the vast quantity of insect life destroyed by the 12 to 50 gulls that frequent that square mile of ground for at least 2 months in the year at a time when all insect life is at the height of its activity. More than 3000 ants have been found in a flicker's stomach. On every hand we see our neighbors fighting incessantly against the spread of insect pests; burning caterpillars, spraying orchards, spraying groves, spraying potatoes and garden truck. The forest service has crews of men scouring our national forests for bug trees — ones killed by various insects — and cutting and burning them to destroy the larvae and prevent the spread of the ruin. We put various poisons round the roots of our flowers

and shrubs. Year after year the fight goes on.

Ten pairs of robins will destroy more insects during the summer than a man can destroy in a week of spraying; yet most varieties of song birds are still shot down in defiance of the law. Untold millions of birds have been slaughtered for their feathers for no other purpose than that of adorning our women-folks with an added touch of finery. Many species of birds have become entirely extinct; and every year we spend more and more millions in bug poisons, insect powders, spraying solutions; more money and time in applying them, yet the losses increase. We see an elm tree dying on our lawn, a maple tree next door, a dying oak or chestnut somewhere in the neighborhood. We pass an orchard, most of it dead, the rest dying. The beetles are getting in their deadly work on fir, pine and spruce, and if the scourge is not checked at once the timber in such localities will be a total loss within the next decade. We see miles and miles of wheat ruined by the grasshopper hosts, fields of cotton taken over by the boll weevil, more wheat damaged by the chinch bug and the Hessian fly, fruit spotted and worm-eaten at the core, every growing crop attacked by the particular pests that live upon it. We regret these things — and kill the first oriole, woodpecker or robin that steals a few of the cherries from our trees, a strawberry from our garden. Then we once more take up the losing fight against the insect hordes.

Man has not yet bowed to the fact that Nature may be intelligently harnessed by conforming to her own laws, but not ignorantly abused by a defiance of them; that the balance throughout all Nature is too delicately adjusted to permit of any great amount of interference. Every bit of matter, no matter how insignificant it may appear on the surface, has its definite purpose in the scheme of things. Certain it is that

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The Advancing Insect Hordes

Condensed from Popular Science Monthly (June '23)

FROM the four corners of the earth, vast invading hordes of bugs are slowly, surely, forcing their way into man's domain. They are ravaging our fields and destroying our crops. They are ruining forests. By destroying wool and cotton they are eating the clothes from our backs. And, finally, by inoculating us with disease germs, they are even murdering us.

Every year one tribe of these invaders—the cotton boll weevil—collects a tribute of \$10 from every man, woman, and child in the United States—money that represents a billion dollars' worth of cotton destroyed annually. It was only a few years ago that the weevil invaded our Southern border. A desperate fight for the control of the cotton fields followed. Foot by foot, with poison and gas, our scientists have contested the advance of the weevil, and yet the pest has moved steadily onward, and at last has reached the extreme limits of our cotton belt. Some scientists now despair of every conquering him.

Other pests are just as threatening, although they have not yet caused such widespread destruction. The European corn borer invaded New England several years ago. Now this pest has reached the edge of our great midwestern corn belt. Scientists say that within another decade the corn borer may carry disaster into that rich territory. The potato bug likewise has defeated the best efforts of science against it, adding \$25,000,000 a year to the cost of this important food crop.

The bean beetle, a visitor from Mexico, is hampering the important bean growing industry of the South. And this menace is working northward and westward at the rate of

150 miles a year. It is a far journey from Cochin, China, to Texas, but the duckbilled blue beetle, which is now destroying the sweet potato crop of the South, successfully made the trip. Sweet potato crops, ruined by these beetles, have been abandoned in the ground by many farmers. The damage now caused by this pest runs into the millions yearly and there is danger that the South may have to abandon its sweet potato altogether.... By railroads, steamship lines, freight cars, motor trucks, wagons, insects advance into every corner of our rich country.

The Japanese beetle, which has gained a foothold in the East—today is moving towards the Middle West. The codling moth, the brown tail moth, and the gypsey moth, attack and destroy millions of dollars' worth of fruit and fruit trees yearly. The Western pine beetle and other insect species have killed millions of forest, fruit, and shade trees.

America indeed is the land of opportunity for destructive insects! Bugs that cause small damage in their native haunts become marauders on a large scale as soon as they reach the rich fields of America. Once in the cotton fields of the South the boll weevil rapidly developed and multiplied on the rich food of the cotton bud until now it devours half the annual crop.

In all, 716 different species of injurious insects are listed among the invaders that the United States Bureau of Entomology is trying to combat with an "army" that numbers less than one man to each species!

Whenever a serious outbreak of a new insect pest is discovered, a force of scientists is sent to the spot. The insects' habits are studied at close range and then the work of

extermination is begun. The scientists are too few in number to do all the fighting themselves. As a rule, the best they can do is to show the farmer how to combat the pest. The difficulty then is to get the farmer to carry on the work. Sometimes the farmer finds it cheaper to abandon his crop than fight. In that case the insect is left in undisputed possession of the field and, ultimately, the whole district.

One invader that our entomolo-

gists fear is the human devouring ant. The most ferocious of this species is found in Africa. They travel in huge armies and devour everything in their path, including men. A smaller variety, which has been said to eat babies in their cradles, is native to Argentina. It has already found its way into England.

Is it any wonder, then, that serious-minded scientists are asking seriously: "Will man or insect survive?"

CENSUS OF A SECTION

(Continued from page 238)

If all the birds were to disappear the insects would claim the earth and devastate it.

The quail numbers the seeds of 129 species of weeds and 145 species of insects in his menu. He has been known to eat upwards of 100,000 seeds from 18 species of weeds in one day; 84 grasshoppers at a single meal; 1350 flies at another; 568 mosquitoes in 3 hours, and so on. This sort of appetite is prevalent throughout the bird world.

Imagine then, the vast quantity of insects destroyed in that one square mile of ground with an average of 400 to 500 birds feeding there daily throughout the year. I watched the incessant activity of the feathered hosts and marveled. With the first streaks of dawn the robin caroled from the topmost bough of a cottonwood, the meadowlark from a fence post, then set off on the daily grind of foraging. The flickers and woodpeckers, when not engaged in prospecting for grubs in rotten wood, were busily scouting through the grass. The kingbirds seemed ever poised on some lookout point, ready to swoop down upon every incautious insect that winged past. The ori-

oles divided their time between the alfalfa and the leafy fastnesses of the trees. Throughout the daylight hours there was no respite for the insect pests and no spot on the section was neglected by the foraging host. Some hunted among the higher branches of the trees; some followed the plow. They rustled through the grass and growing crops, peered behind every slab of loosened bark, beneath every bit of decaying vegetation. Hour after hour the relentless hunt went on. When the sun sank in the west the daylight hunters fluted a few farewell bars and sought their roosts. Then the chimney swifts and night-hawks soared aloft, darting through the early dusk in erratic swoops and catching their prey on the wing. I tried to picture the tons and tons of insects destroyed by the birds of that section of ground in the course of a year; of the tremendous increase of bug life if all those tons of potential parents had been allowed to survive and reproduce their pestilential swarms. And I knew that the naturalists were right — that if the birds were to disappear the insect hordes would take over the earth.

Hudson's Bay, the "Neglected Sea"

Hudson's Bay was one of the earliest trade routes in America. From 1668 to this day the ships of the Hudson's Bay Company have been persistent voyagers upon that immense but seldom considered inland sea. All these years they have had it practically to themselves; but now Hudson's Bay bids fair to take its proper place as one of the three great trade-ways into the heart of the American continent—the other two being the Mississippi River and the Great Lakes system.

For here is a ready-made sea route lying wholly in Canadian territory and extending to within a few hundred miles of the great wheat exporting belt of the Canadian Northwest. And the distance to Liverpool by way of Hudson's Bay is nearly 1,000 miles less than over the present St. Lawrence route via Montreal. Moreover, the opening of a new gateway to the Northwest would afford greatly needed relief for jammed terminals during the comparatively short period when most of the Canadian wheat is shipped out. Besides that, it would form an all-sea route, without locks or canals, for the carrying of all manner of freight in either direction during the open season. Fort Churchill, on the west shore of the Bay, is actually further west and very much nearer the new lands of Alberta and Saskatchewan than is Duluth. In brief, the opening of an established trade route to Hudson's Bay would give interior Canada a seacoast and would bring it very much nearer the European market.

This may seem incredible. It is very evident, however, upon a globe, although not apparent in a map made on a Mercator projection. Owing to the fact that England and Canada both lie in comparatively high altitudes, the actual distance in miles between Churchill on Hudson's Bay and England is not much greater than between England and Nova Scotia in the more southerly latitude.

(Continued 2d column next page)

Platinum

The story of platinum is unrivalled in interest even by the unending romance of gold which has played such a vital part in the history of the world for 6,000 years or more. Gold has made powerful nations on one hand and has ruined entire nations on the other; it has caused delight and anguish throughout the ages. Platinum, all but unrecognized during all this period, yet almost as beautiful, far more useful, and possessing qualities of merit never dreamed of for its more brilliant companion, now has come into its own.

Everyone has seen the exquisite effects obtained when platinum is used as a setting for diamonds and other gems, but few realize its commanding value in the chemical arts and sciences. In the laboratory it is a priceless article, and without it the progress of chemistry would be seriously hurt. Take, for instance, platinum crucibles. Crucibles of porcelain break down under the fierce heat of the modern electric furnace as do those of gold and silver, which melt at 1,000 degrees less than platinum; but this regal metal, hammered out almost as thin as paper, in a crucible will grow incandescent but will not even soften while its contents are being dissolved at a temperature of 3,000 degrees Fahrenheit, nor is it affected by the action of the most powerful chemical reagents which attack other metals.

So unbelievably ductile, too, is platinum that a single ounce may be drawn into a wire, invisible to the naked eye, which would reach more than half way across the United States. The finest spiderwebs are one-five-thousandths of an inch in diameter, and these were formerly used as cross-hairs in the most precise telescopic instruments. Today, platinum wires, one-fourth as large, are used. These wires are laid in minute squares across the lenses of great telescopes. Under high mag-

nifying power they become visible and enable the scientist to make extremely delicate measurements. This wire is made by drawing the platinum out as fine as possible, coating it with silver, drawing it again and dissolving the silver recoating, redrawing and repeating the process again and again. Dentists also make extensive use of platinum for rivets, plates, etc., for the magic metal will not oxidize or tarnish and will endure far beyond the human span of life. Great use of it is also made in electrical work, in the dyestuffs and chemical industries, in the making of watch springs, hypodermic needles, and a hundred other things of which the reader does not dream. During the world war its more spectacular use was for the detonation of millions of explosive shells. Platinum in the form of plates as thin as .0005 of an inch, were used as artificial roofs for the mouths of soldiers whose faces had been shot away, while many a lad had a shattered joint braced by this precious metal. Platinum was employed to replace sections of skulls, and one famous ace has a platinum frontal bone and 16 other bone replacements in his body. The metal is insoluble in any of the acids of the body and wounds heal over it.

Quite indispensable, also, is this finest of metals to a gigantic industry which pours its products into the trade marts of the world. This is the manufacture of sulfuric acid, a product of prime importance in times of peace, but of absolute necessity in war for use in the making of explosives. Platinum used in minute quantities will in miraculous manner transform the compounds which make sulfuric acid, but will itself remain unchanged.

Platinum is one of the very few useful minerals in the deposits of which the United States is deficient. Today the world depends upon Colombia for its principal supply.—Scientific American, June '23.

When I was in Hudson's Bay in 1911 there was no railroad within several hundred miles of Hudson's Bay. All the Hudson's Bay region was as completely shut off from the well-settled parts of Canada as though it existed on a different continent. Now all this is likely to be changed by the pressure of wheat. A considerable portion of the steel has already been laid to the bay. The railroad will yet involve the outlay of millions in laying a firm underpinning for the roadbed across the almost bottomless muskeg swamps. There are also maritime difficulties to be overcome. The whole western half of the bay lies so near to the earth's north magnetic pole that the mariner's compass is practically inoperative in this region. When I was on board the "Pelican" not a single one of her three compasses would function. One was swinging to the right; another was revolving in the opposite direction; and the third was chasing its tail first one way and then the other. This difficulty has since been removed by the perfection of the gyro-compass. Strong tidal currents are another bugbear, especially in Hudson Strait, where in places a spring range of over 40 feet has been recorded. This would constitute a great peril to a large ship. But there is now a remedy for this danger of running ashore—directional radio.

Nearly always the ice goes out, as if by magic, almost overnight. A radio station at Cape Chidley maintaining contact with the series of stations already established on the coast of Labrador could easily keep the shipping world in touch with ice conditions. Indeed, it is the opinion of competent navigators that during the 3 or 4 months of open navigation, this route may be traversed by an ordinary tramp steamer more safely than the Gulf and River of St. Lawrence to Montreal.—The Scientific American (June '23).

A Force That Moves Minds

Condensed from Our World (June '23)

Herbert S. Houston

WALTER H. PAGE often said that "no publication is any better than its worst advertisement." He believed in the single standard of truth for the editorial and business conduct of a newspaper or magazine. Today one can well imagine that Page might have said that "every publication should be as truthful as the advertising it carries." In fact, this comparison has been made frequently by those who have followed the growth of the remarkable Truth-in-Advertising movement in this country. It is a movement that has had from its beginning, 20 years ago, what Herbert Hoover calls "the potent force of ideals." Its annual conventions resemble a good deal the old-fashioned religious revival. They always open with a great inspirational meeting on Sunday, and members of the organization frequently preach lay sermons in churches on truth in business. Some critics have insisted that these things constituted merely a gesture. But the critics have been wrong; for all the time the movement has been building a broad basis of moral earnestness and determination upon which it has erected a great structure of definite accomplishment. It has been chiefly instrumental in placing honest advertising laws on the statute books of 38 states. A National Vigilance Committee was formed with volunteer committees in all the advertising clubs, now grown to be 250 in number. Better-Business Bureaus were also formed with paid secretaries and investigators, supported by the merchants and bankers in the cities where they were established. There are now 40 of these bureaus,

working with quiet but ceaseless efficiency in behalf of truth.

In April of this year, largely as a result of the investigations of the National Vigilance Committee, a score of oil speculators were indicted in Texas for fraud. Among them was Dr. Cook, who a few years ago claimed to have discovered the North Pole. Hundreds of similar examples could be given of the work that is being done by the various bureaus and committees.

In many ways the most interesting thing in this whole movement has been the effective cooperation that it has brought about among competitors. Through agreement ethical codes, called "standards of practice" have been adopted by advertisers, advertising agencies, and publishers. And these self-imposed standards are enforced. It is a case of regulation, not from without, but from within, through wholesome and hearty cooperation.

The time was when the circulation liar was assigned to the first place among the descendants of Ananias. Today his occupation is gone, because of the work done by the Audit Bureau of Circulation, formed as a result of the Truth-in-Advertising movement.

With the growth of the Truth-in-Advertising movement, the force of advertising itself continued to find new fields to conquer. One great insurance company has striking tables and facts to prove that advertising is being used, with marked success, to help prolong human life. Many newspapers point to the increase of advertising as a means of spreading the message of the Gospel. For example, the Chicago

Daily News in a recent 3-month period published 19,298 lines of church advertising, which was more than it has published of real estate. Even the most reactionary bankers capitulated when they saw what advertising did in helping finance the war. When the war ended there were 20,000,000 investors in Liberty Bonds, secured in large degree by the use of advertising. Today, a great many banks and investment houses are carrying forward the campaign of education, with the vision of making America a nation of investors.

The crowning witness to the fact that this movement is in the way of progress was the late Theo. N. Vail. He was quite ahead of his time in seeing that advertising could gain the confidence of the public for a great corporation by taking the public into its confidence. Campaigns of education were carried out that enlightened the public on the convenience and economy of having a unified telephone service; and the public was invited to become owners of the securities of the company that served them. This has been accomplished in so remarkable a degree that the great telephone company is now owned, in large measure, by the public.

Before Vail, a young bank clerk of Rochester conceived the daring plan of taking the camera from the dark room of the professional photographer and giving it to the world. He did it by educational advertising, showing how simple it was to press a button and let the Kodak do the rest. The result has been a tremendous contribution to human happiness through all manner of pictorial records... At the same time in Scranton, Pennsylvania, there was being developed a new method of instruction by mail that now reaches a student body of over 100,000 scattered through many countries. In many ways this has been the supreme test of the power of the printed word to overcome obstacles and accom-

plish results. When T. J. Foster, who was editing a paper for coal miners, began a simple correspondence course in colliery engineering, he was unconsciously starting the greatest democratic institution of learning that the world has seen. The International Correspondence Schools reached out over the globe, touching ambitious spirits everywhere and leading them, by the thousands, into careers of greater service. The sum total of new wealth that has come from the creative skill of these students would reach into the hundreds of millions. And great universities, such as Columbia and the University of Chicago, have established correspondence courses of instruction and are seeking students by advertising, wherever people read. The fact which all advertising experience is demonstrating is that markets are in human minds and that a desire for a thing, whether for education or an adding machine, must be created before the thing desired is sought.

One of the amazing things in the relation of advertising to progress is the way it can be used in developing an industry in a city. It was largely as a result of advertising that a country town in northern Ohio became the greatest "rubber city" in the world. It was the Aladdin of Advertising, chiefly, which made Detroit the fourth city in the union in 10 years. Field and Wanamaker had led merchants to understand the power of advertising in retail trade. But as a force in building national and world-wide markets its demonstration on a large scale was made by the automobile industry.

The chapters in this romance are being written in other countries besides the United States. Canada, South Africa, New Zealand, Australia have been consistent users of this force in attracting capital and citizens. In England men in all fields of business have been duplicating the experiences that have been referred to in this article.

Know Thyself

Condensed from *The Ladies' Home Journal* (June '23)

Harry Emerson Fosdick

SAID Dwight L. Moody, "I have had more trouble with myself than with any other man I have ever met." No man travels far without encountering himself. He may go into business with alluring prospects, but he soon discovers that his major problem is himself. He may achieve ample professional opportunity, but he soon discovers that his major problem is himself. He may marry amid the congratulations of his friends, but he soon sees that the maintenance of a fine home is primarily a problem with himself.

The resolute grappling of a man with his own life is one of the most searching tests of character, for most people are willing to grapple with anything else under heaven, from international problems to spiritualism, rather than to face squarely their individual responsibility for their own lives. The ruination of most people is themselves. The recognition of this fact is one of the elements in Shakespeare's greatness as a dramatist.

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,

But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

Hamlet wrestles with his indecisive soul; Macbeth with his own ambition and remorse; Othello with his own insatiable jealousy. The greatest characters in Shakespeare's tragedies are all having it out with their own souls.

Decisive dealing with one's own life is always a major problem in youth. Instead of putting responsibility on our children, we surround them from the time they are born with every comfort. To live in a fine house, surrounded by a commo-

dious environment, to be pampered and protected, to have money to spend, leisure to enjoy, to move in the best circles — how subtly these so-called advantages weave their spell around growing children. Life looks easy. They learn to trust their fortunate circumstances, not themselves. The result is often worse than wildness; the result is indecisiveness, irresponsibility, an irresolute, procrastinating life that never arrives. And in youth indecisive procrastination is fatal. Happy the youth who took charge of his life in time, made worthwhile decisions about the loyalties, purposes and ambitions that should control him, found his work in the world and mastered it!

Behind most of the shilly-shallying of young people is the idea that they can bluff life through without tackling the problem of themselves. It is a vain hope. Even great possessions only throw a man back upon himself. For there is an important difference between possession and ownership: Possession is having things; ownership depends on being the kind of person who knows how to enjoy and use things well. Said the poet to Dives, "The land is yours, but the landscape is mine." Possession is sending down town, as one woman is said to have done, for three yards of good books, in brown bindings, to match the furniture; ownership is saying with Fenelon, "If the crowns of all the kingdoms in Europe were laid down at my feet in exchange for my love of reading, I would spurn them all." Possession is having a house; ownership is having a home. How much a man owns depends on

the height and breadth and depth of his mind and soul.

Nor does a youth evade the necessity of tackling himself when he tries to achieve an education. No amount of acquired information will in the end make much of a man out of him unless he resolutely wrestles with his own thinking. To be a straight-thinking, reliable, intelligent man is difficult. A young Polish girl in a New York school, asked to write on the difference between an educated and an intelligent man, summed up the matter: "An educated man gets his thinks from someone else, but an intelligent man works his own thinks."

The decisive issue may come as a struggle with temper or habit, as a battle with oneself over the vocation to which life shall be given, as a definite call to self-sacrifice, as a collision with disappointment and misery, as a conflict between religious faith and doubt—in whatever way it rises, it divides men like Judgment Day. The man who has not successfully grappled with himself will never grapple successfully with anybody else.

At its deepest this inner problem is simply the age-long religious problem in its intensest form—the relationship of man with his own soul. A man's soul is his whole invisible personality—self-conscious being that thinks, purposes and loves—a man's spiritual life in its heights and depths. Happy the youth who before it is too late discovers that no success elsewhere matters without success here! For youth is the time when our minds awake to curious questioning and restless desire for knowledge; when our souls awake to a conscious search for life's spiritual meaning and purpose. Unless a youth has been too early perverted and wronged, he will not easily escape this latter experience. A certain flare and flame of spiritual chivalry is one of the noblest birthrights of a normal youth. There is glory about youth, when the soul, which has waited like

an enchanted princess for some prince to rouse her, awakes and looks with fresh and unspoiled eyes on life.

No man will altogether escape the more serious aspects of life. Troubles come, when we need our souls. Temptations like bandits out of ambush leap on us to steal our honor from us, or work grows monotonous and wearisome and a secret loathing and distaste for life haunts us and we need our souls. And death comes at last, and when she touches us we want our souls.

Indeed, even in the most ordinary days there is for men of insight no escaping this innermost problem of life. Each of us is continually building from within out, constructing from the materials which the soul gathers out of the world the real world in which each lives. There are over five million people in the city of New York—but in which city of New York? There are almost as many New Yorks as there are people there. There is a New York of business. There is a New York of music, where are some people who know that man cannot live by bread alone. There is a New York of fashion; a New York of education. There is a New York of sport that looks upon the Polo Grounds as the hub of the universe. And there is a New York of religion, where are some people who are sure that the chief end of man is to know God and enjoy him forever.

Even such a rough division of New York is superficial in comparison with the facts of our individual lives. Each lives in his own New York. He made it. His soul gathered out the materials of which it is built, and there he lives. Alike the glory and tragedy of life are to be found here: each of us lives in the world of his own soul.

All great religion sets men at life's central task of grappling with themselves. It has supplied the motive and driving power, the insight and hope, so that men could grapple with themselves successfully. And it will be an evil day for the world if ever materialistic philosophy or paganism quenches this essential challenge of religion.

America the Foster Mother of the World's Music

Condensed from Arts and Decoration (May '23)

Chittenden Turner

A FAMOUS singer recently returned to us declaring that Europe was playing second fiddle to the United States in all matters musical. The statement seemed at first blush, a mere sample of the selfish politeness that gets publicity. We have read so much flattery from arrivals, and from those who yearn to arrive, that we have become callous. But the ripples that have blown us sweet compliments are truly in the wake of a towering tidal wave of art which has swept westward to inundate and make fertile a land where, even still, as some citizens aver, no full-fledged ear yet warrants our years of plenty. Collected facts indicate that the best music has finally gravitated to our shores, and New York, spending approximately \$20,000,000 on its yearly fare, has become the musical metropolis of the world.

The question whether our musical stock is inflated and must collapse before our own Beethovens and Wagners rise from the yielding humus, will be answered more readily by Europe than by America.

America has virtually established her title as Alma Mater of music. Not because of the money spent here, nor the presence of celebrities, nor the importing habit, nor the successes and failures of various enterprises, will her shrine be built; not solely because of promotive organizations, private capital and journalism. This country has an omnivorous palate for music which is incessantly whetted by a volatile, amusement-loving disposition. Sheer demand will erect

our temples and monuments to music, because granaries are built by hungry mouths. Materialism, instead of blighting music, has abetted it, made it more necessary than ever. Despite its dampening effect on production it has widened the field for consumption immeasurably, since the strenuous life in America has now found the peaceful errand of music to be an indispensable act of mercy.

With 14 established symphony orchestras and others in the making, more than 300 smaller orchestral units exclusive of theatres and schools, and a federation of 1,300 musical organizations with a total membership in excess of 100,000, representing for the most part the development of a few recent years, we have evidences of an activity unparalleled elsewhere in the field of music. Though we are aware that much of this advancement has been made possible through foreign influence, that all but one or two of the leading orchestras for instance, are conducted by Europeans, as well as manned largely by them, the facts of patronage and appreciation are significant enough. The Cymreigyddion Society of Utica may look as foreign as the Rhondda Cymric of Wales, but for all intents and purposes it is American. What if it was Paolo Gallico who won the \$5,000 prize of the National Federation of Musical Clubs with this "Apocalypse?" The invisible four horsemen in the case were American, as is Paolo by naturalization. And we are not heedless of the recent conquests of American compositions in Europe,

where they are heard in virtually every music center.

The Symphony Society of New York has given 105 concerts in the East, as far as Ohio, in its season of six months, while the New York Philharmonic is said to have exceeded this number. More novelties from American pens have been presented throughout the country during the last two seasons than from any other nationality, and a single conductor is known to have introduced 80 works by Americans in half this period.

It is evident that the time is not far distant when the adoption of foreign names by interpretative as well as creative artists will be abandoned as unnecessary and even unadvisable. In this connection is recalled the failure here of several really prominent European artists, who did not measure up to our standards. The roster of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and especially those of the Chicago and San Carlo companies bear increasing proof of the triumph of American singers. The former successes achieved abroad by such stars as Geraldine Farrar, Edward Johnson and Forrest Lamont have helped to blaze a trail for many of our exploring sons and daughters, till the old discrimination against Americans has become forgotten. Our recitalists are now regularly touring in other lands, and adding luster to the American diadem. As for the famous Europeans, their home audiences, so generously provided for by governmental paternalism, are obliged to wait in peace until the former are not too busy catering to the American public.

It was a source of much self-congratulation when in the season of 1892-1893 in New York there were presented 16 novelties by Dvorak, Moszkowski, Goldmark, Parker, Mascagni, Gilson, Tinel, Schonefeld, Koch and others. During the last few seasons new offerings have increased from five to tenfold, native works steadily gaining in favor.

It has been estimated that \$700,-

000,000 is spent annually on music and its manufactures in the United States, a sum, which at the present rate of increase may be more than doubled in the next decade. So completely has music entered into every phase of civil life that police bands and glee clubs, factory choruses and similar outcroppings among corporations are exceedingly common, while community singing is now an accepted feature in every quarter of the country. The potency of music, effectively demonstrated in the soldiers' camps during the war, has become a subject for wide psychological investigation. Hospitals, prisons and insane asylums are equipped with experimental mechanical records. Radio outfits are being installed in restaurants and shops. From high to low estate music has become presumably an indispensable adjunct to daily existence.

Judged at least by its capacity America may be called the most musical of nations. If the average individual has but a partly developed feeling for synthesis and little knowledge of theory, his unjaded likings augur much for healthy growth.

Out of the jangling medley which rocks North America at present will be heard eventually a new clarion note. The long-searched-for type will assert itself. Already conditions are shaping to make this possible: a growing Federal and municipal interest in fostering music, better facilities and surer distinction for writers, waning discrimination against American artists, more thorough methods of study, additional channels for expression. The demand for American opera is insistent and its final auspicious advent will usher in an age of lyrical composition that will surpass all that has thus far been enjoyed. When this day comes America will step down from her present conspicuous place in the Diamond Horseshoe to lift her creative voice from the footlights, to become not merely the patron but the producer of the world's best music.

Governor Pinchot on Prohibition

Condensed from *Good Housekeeping* (June '23)

Gifford Pinchot, Governor of Pennsylvania

EVENTS periodically compel nations to prove their fitness to survive. In Lincoln's day came the great show-down on the doctrine of states' rights which, for the occasion, had robbed itself in the garments of chattel slavery. It has happened that I have come into a great office at a time when the country is being put to another test. Events are again asking Americans—a little more sharply, perhaps, than ever before—whether they are a law-abiding people. We are all on trial, citizens as well as officials. It is for all of us to show whether we really believe in law or whether we are, in fact, lawless. For no man is more lawless than he who would bind everybody but himself.

If we believe in law, why do we not obey the prohibition law? If we believe we have a right to disobey the prohibition law, why do we not concede to all other citizens the right to disobey such laws as interfere with the realization of their desires? It is indicative of the extent to which the spirit of lawlessness is developing in America that I had no more than won the primary election in Pennsylvania than I was urged to repudiate the two chief promises by which I had won it. I was advised from a great many sources to forget that I had ever pledged myself to drive all saloons out of Pennsylvania and to prevent and punish bootlegging. But there is one state in which prohibition will be enforced if there is power enough in the governor and in public opinion to enforce it. If I fail to enforce prohibition, it will be because the people are both opposed to this law and lacking in respect for all laws that they do not

happen personally to approve. I do not expect to fail. I believe the people of Pennsylvania and of all the other states are in favor of prohibition. Furthermore, I believe the sentiment in favor of prohibition is growing. There is a wet minority, of course. This minority is energized both by a great thirst and by financial interests. The wet minority is, in a sense, active, while the dry majority is passive. There is profit in selling bad whiskey at \$50 a gallon. There is no compensation, except to the conscience and to the intelligence, in standing for the enforcement of law. More time is therefore required to energize the majority that favors prohibition than the minority that is opposed to it. But the majority is becoming energized—make no mistake about that. The great flood of letters that come into the governor's office at Harrisburg proves it.

The difficulties in the way of enforcement are numerous and great, but we are overcoming them. During the first three months that I was governor, the state police made approximately 800 arrests for violation of the prohibition law. At first glance, it would seem plain that whoever is found transporting beer containing more than one-half of one percent of alcohol lays himself open to conviction of violating the law, but such is not the fact. When men are arrested in such circumstances, brewers often come forward with the plea that, in order to develop the hop flavor of beer it is necessary to create more than one-half of one percent of alcohol and later to reduce it to the legal limit. In such cases the plea is made that the beer containing an illegal percentage of alcohol was loaded on

the truck by mistake. I have no faith in such pleas, but juries are sometimes more credulous.

More attention should be paid to the class of men whose names are placed on panels for jury service. An active part of the minority opposed to prohibition pays much attention to this matter. A law-abiding but inert majority can not expect to prevail against an active minority. The people who favor prohibition and who believe in obedience to law are themselves largely to blame for the shameful situation that has come about as a result of the failure of officials to enforce the law. The honor of this country is not and should not be solely in the hands of officials. If public officials do not see fit to do their duty, it is the duty of the people to drive them into line. Law enforcement is not automatic. Somewhere there must be a driving power that compels obedience. That driving power can be nowhere else than in public opinion put in motion. To deplore the inactivity of officials amounts to nothing. The thing to do is to move, to be on guard everywhere, and to bring to bear the full weight of public opinion upon every one who violates the law or who permits others to violate it without punishment.

I believe it may almost be said that if there were no bribery, there would be no violations of the 18th Amendment. We must make both those who would give and receive bribes understand that they are not trafficking over so relatively unimportant a thing as whether some one shall sell liquor. We must make it plain to them that what they are bargaining about is the power of organized, orderly government to exist. There can be no government without law, and there can be no law if one man can sell and another can buy the opportunity to defeat the law. If one part of the Constitution can be sold without penalty, the rest of it will

ultimately become carrion fit only for the vultures who would destroy popular government.

I require full loyalty to the prohibition law from every official under my control. If there were an official under me whom I knew to be violating even the spirit of the prohibition law, I would remove him from office instantly. Wet men will not make a state dry.

Most persons who violate the prohibition law seem to believe that in doing so they are only differing from others as to whether it is or is not best to drink. We shall yet make such persons realize that, paradoxical as it may seem, drink is the smallest part of the prohibition question, and that, towering above it like the Washington Monument over a grain of sand, is the question as to whether law in the United States means anything. We would do well to bear in mind that crimes of violence are the ripe fruit that grow on the tree of disobedience to lesser laws. Let the idea become firmly embedded in the consciousness of the country that that part of the Constitution that refers to prohibition amounts to nothing, and it is a short step to the conclusion that nothing in the Constitution amounts to anything to any one who wishes to ignore it. Violence such as occurred at Herrin, Illinois, is but lesser lawlessness gone to seed. Whoever brings one law into disrepute by refusing to obey it thereby does his part toward bringing all law into disrepute.

Here, in the United States, as a result of the labors of good men and women since the first European settlers came, we have built up a great embankment of law to restrain those whose purposes run counter to the welfare of the general public. Let us keep this embankment intact. Let us make it even stronger. Let us not permit a bootleg rathole to become enlarged until it sweeps away the embankment.

The Seven Greatest Americans

Condensed from *The American Magazine* (June '23)

James Harvey Robinson

FAME, as the poet Petrarch remarked, is, after all but a breath, and, what is worse, the breath of a multitude; it does not ordinarily extend far either in time or space. So ordinarily the person who acquires fame for the moment would not really be considered great in any deep sense of the word. The most widely known people today are indubitably those who will be forgotten 20 years hence—Mary Pickford, Babe Ruth, Billy Sunday. Then, too, it must be remembered that one may rise above his fellows in so many different ways. Even the greatest is much like the rest of us in most respects. Statesmen and generals have the greatest show of becoming famous, owing to the habit of textbook writers, who call their names to our attention when we are young. But it is hard to pass judgment on their exceptional capacity and the real distinction of their sayings and doings. Most of us just accept the statement that a man is great, if we hear him called great often enough.

I wonder if Franklin and Washington did not owe their fame largely to circumstances rather than to any exhibition on their part of highly exceptional ability or genius. Franklin made a great scientific discovery when he drew the electric current down his kite string—but many a relatively unknown scientist has made equally great discoveries. His prudent maxims and advice exhibit nothing more than good common sense. Washington possessed wonderful poise, patience, and insight, but he left the Presidency with something of the disrepute that covered Woodrow Wilson's retirement. And I venture to guess that school his-

tories a generation hence will assign to Wilson, as to Washington, a place among the very greatest of our Presidents. For around him will center our participation in the World War and all those hopes of a federation of nations which may some day be realized in some form or other. The brief passages devoted to him will make no reference to the mistakes which weigh so heavily with his bitter critics today. So I am inclined to pass by both Franklin and Washington; but all of us would be quite properly grieved if Lincoln were not included in the briefest list of Great Americans. Lincoln's character, bravery, achievements, and fame all will bear the most careful scrutiny, and they belong to the sublimest that any man can enjoy.

For incredible vitality, marvelously varied capacities and achievements, and an insatiable thirst for knowledge and experience, of all statesmen, T. R. must be awarded the palm. He lived 6 or 8 years in the span of one. No man ever illustrated better what a multitude of different things one can find time for if one will. So I put Roosevelt second in the list.

As to generals, I am in no position to bring them into our game. War is a sorry business which must have its managers; and these get a credit which I rather begrudge them, since the real heroism too commonly finds its end in the shallow grave of an unknown soldier. We are coming to see this, thank God, and the touching ceremonies which took place after the war in London, Paris, and Washington were really implicit rebukes to the old habit of exalting the organizers of successful carnage.

The great preoccupation of most of

us today is business. So a business man must be selected for our list to represent that great field of endeavor. If one must select the best known, most persistent, ingenious, and overwhelmingly successful handler of our modern facilities for inordinate pecuniary gain I am inclined to think that the choice would lie between Rockefeller and Ford. The Ford cars and tractors have greatly influenced the daily lives of millions of people. Then Ford's courage and success in bucking other powerful financial and industrial combinations are exhilarating to the onlooker, as are his bold experiments in paying high wages. But the sorry fiasco of the "Peace Ship," and, especially, his anti-Semitic mania, reflect on Ford's knowledge and judgment when he wanders from his own bailiwick. Rockefeller, on the other hand, in spite of all the bitter criticism his business methods have aroused, has devoted half a billion dollars to the promotion of science and learning. So on the whole I believe he should be adjudged as the representative of modern business on our list.

In the last few decades a new type of great man has arisen, the inventor. Of our inventors, Edison is undoubtedly the most famous. A long list of his achievements might be given, among which are the talking machine and the incandescent lamp, which are to be found throughout the world.

The various classes of great men so far mentioned owe much of their achievement to the cooperation of others. If we knew the whole history of famous statesmen, business men, and even inventors, we should realize that all sorts of fellow workers had made vital contributions to a fame in which they had no part. There are, however, other kinds of distinguished achievement in which one plays a lone hand. Of these the best known are the men of letters. Many of us depend for a great part of our knowledge, insight, and enjoyment on those who write books. I regard our great novelists as our

most effective teachers. During the past hundred years the novel has become our chief vehicle for profound observation and insight into human conduct and perplexities.

Nothing could be more difficult than to select a preeminent man of letters from the standpoint of intrinsic merit and his chance for enduring fame. Of course textbook fame is secured to Emerson, Longfellow, and Lowell, and they all said many brave, true, and important things. Then there is Poe and especially Walt Whitman. But, judged by the honesty, variety, and appealing skill of his work, as well as by his international reputation, I am inclined to rank Mark Twain as the greatest of our men of letters. "Roughing It," "Tom Sawyer," "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur," "Pudd'nhead Wilson," and "Innocents Abroad" have delighted so many hearts both in his own country and abroad.

When it comes to the fine arts, other than literature, I feel even less confident than in other fields that any choice is possible. Edward MacDowell was, I am confident, our greatest musical composer. He was also a man of very unusual learning and intellectual acumen. Among the painters there are Whistler and Sargent, ranked as Americans but spending their lives mainly in England. Of bona fide Americans John La Farge perhaps ranks highest for his breadth and learning, as well as for his artistic achievement. Then there are the architects. Unhappily we scarcely ever think of them, although their works are full, conspicuous, and monumental. We think of the Woolworth Building in terms of a man who made millions selling articles for 5 and 10 cents; we overlook Cass Gilbert, who tackled and solved a novel problem with such soaring grace. Our civilization will have advanced far when we ask who designed and adorned outstanding buildings, such as the Capitol at St. Paul, the Boston Public Library, the Congress-

(Continued on page 254)

Topics in Brief

Selected from The Literary Digest, and other sources

We still believe that the best plan to keep cool is to set all the thermometers back ten degrees. — Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

There is always something wrong with a man, as there is with a motor, when he knocks continually. — Columbia Record.

It's a great event in a boy's life when he reaches the age of eleven or twelve and buys a sack of candy for his little girl friend without her asking him, "Whereja get the money?"—Kansas City Star.

"I'm sorry to have to do this," said little Johnny, as he spread the jam on the baby's face, "but I can't have suspicion pointing its finger at me."—Everybody's Magazine.

At twenty, my life was a feverish adventure: at thirty, it was a problem; at forty, it was a labor; at fifty, it is a joyful journey well begun.—Ellis Parker Butler.

We often think what a finished bandit Jesse James would have been if he had had the advantage of a movie education in his youth. —Columbia (S. C.) Record.

How hard it is for some people to get out after their visit is really over. One might think they had been built in your office and were waiting to be launched. — O. W. Holmes.

Sign in a Newark hospital: "No Children Allowed in the Maternity Wards." — N. Y. American.

Man is an able creature, but he has made 32,647,389 laws and hasn't yet improved on the Ten Commandments. — Richmond News-Leader.

Why do they call it a shipment when it goes in a car, but a cargo when it goes in a ship?—N. Y. Evening Post.

Among the many great objections to war, the greatest is that it is contagious.—Washington Star.

Following the line of least resistance is what makes rivers and men crooked.—Boston Transcript.

They talk much about professional women. Personally, we have never met an amateur.—N. Y. American.

No wonder a hen gets discouraged. She can never find things where she lays them.—Providence Journal.

The wages of sin are about the only ones that are not being reduced.—Washington Post.

At one time I went to Skibo Castle to visit Mr. Carnegie in Scotland, and as I drove over the moors I saw flying a beautiful flag, at one moment the British flag and at the next the American Stars and Stripes, and I wondered that he should be flying the two so closely on the same flag-staff. But as I approached nearer the castle, I found that Mr. Carnegie had taken the British and American flags and had sewn them together into one flag, and there he was flying over his castle the British and American flags so inseparably united that they could not be parted. So, I have felt, should the American and British peoples, and all the English-speaking peoples of the world, be united, that we ought to be united in our sentiments as we are in our language, in our business interests and in everything that we do for the good of humanity, because I am firmly convinced that the advance of the world to a better and higher plane, and the preservation of institutions that stand for the good of humanity, must lie in the hands of the English-speaking nations of the world.—Charles M. Schwab.

(Continued from page 252)
sional Library, or St. Thomas' in Fifth Avenue.

Nor does the fame of historians, lawyers, and ministers extend far either in time or place. And the same can be said of gifted physicians or of scientific investigators, who usually enjoy little reputation beyond their own guild.

Finally, I come to the "thinkers," who range beyond the confines of a particular art or science or profession, and endeavor to clarify our notions about man, his nature, possibilities, and destiny. Of these, four philosophers stand out in my mind, whose insight is a constant source of wonder and excitement to me. These four have thought so much more boldly, have so much more successfully uncovered hitherto hidden things, and escaped so much more successfully than others from the routine presuppositions of their time, and made such contributions to the elucidation of our lives and the problems that beset us, that I have no doubts of their inherent supremacy. These four are William James, John Dewey, George Santayana, and Thorstein Veblen. Reckoning with both fame and merit, I would place William James sixth on my list and John Dewey seventh.

The list, then, stands: Abraham Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt, John D. Rockefeller, Thomas Edison, Mark Twain, William James, and John Dewey. Of course any answer is bound to partake of grotesqueness. All dogmatism is out of place and the fun consists in thinking, not in deciding in a matter that really cannot, in the nature of things, be decided.

What are lessons for us when we spy the footprints of the great on the sands of time? The great man is one who in some one or more respects escapes from the commonplace. He braves the dangers and discomforts of being exceptional. He is likely to be without honor in his own country and age. We seem never to learn the lesson, and are as ready to punish divergence from respecta-

ble ways of thinking and doing as ever man has been. Dewey says that for one man that thanks God that he is not as other men there are a thousand who thank Him that they are so like their neighbors that no one will notice them. So there is every discouragement to those who find themselves forging ahead of the procession. Too few of us study the lives of great men, or really consider their claim to the reputation which they have gained. It is only by doing this that we can derive any real good from them and take heart again when we face the obstacles they had to face in the disapproval of their associates.

We are by nature timid, and our education cultivates conformity and discourages originality. No two of us are alike in taste, capacity and the range of our interests; but we are rarely encouraged to exhibit our peculiarities—only our likenesses. There was never in the whole history of the universe a person precisely like you or me, and there never will be. To make our lives sublime would be to realize boldly the capacities we each possess. And the study of the lives of the great would be a study of how rare individuals have, in the face of constant discouragement, managed to do this. Greatness, in the last analysis, is largely bravery—courage in escaping from old ideas and old standards and respectable ways of doing things.

I have mentioned no women among the great. I have taught women as well as men for many years, and see no clear difference in their possibilities. Women are traditionally permitted far less freedom than even the scanty amount approved in men. But times are changing, and we may look forward to the emergence of women who will disengage themselves from the old ideas of feminine propriety and from the often quite silly demands made upon them in the matter of dress and trivial social obligations, and develop here and there the varied capacity which I am confident that they possess.

The following editorial comments appear in the magazines from which the articles were selected:

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON (p. 195) is well known as the author of "The Story of Mankind," "Ancient Man," and "The Story of the Bible."

BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM MITCHELL (p. 197) is Assistant Chief of the Air Service, United States Army.

REAR ADMIRAL W. F. FULLAM (p. 203) was Commander of the U. S. Naval Forces in the Pacific during the World War.

WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN (p. 205) is a very well-known editor and author, and was at one time Managing Editor of the Ladies' Home Journal and Editor of the Saturday Evening Post.

Mr. Jordan states in his article: "To present Mental Training in a coherent, consecutive, convincing way and to outline it as a complete and practical system, with the wealth of explanation and detail, illumination, illustration, exercises and suggestion of methods would require a series of books. Upon such a comprehensive work the writer has been engaged for over twenty years with the unsatisfactory limitation of brief snatches of time taken from other demands and duties. Within the limits of a magazine article one can touch merely on a few essentials, high-lights of difference between the ideals and methods of the old and the new. It will be little more than a thumbnail sketch of a great panorama, but enough may be given to appeal to the reader's imagination and to direct his thinking."

WALTER LIPPMAN (p. 211) was formerly Associate Editor of the New Republic.

MARY AUSTIN (p. 213), the novelist, lived for many years on the edge of the Mohave desert where she studied the desert and Indian lore extensively.

BASIL KING (p. 215) is author of "The High Heart," "The Inner Shrine," "The Street Called Straight," "The Letter of the Contract."

FRANK AYDELOTTE (p. 223) is American Secretary of the Rhodes Scholarship Trust, and President of Swarthmore College.

KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD (p. 225) is a graduate of Radcliffe College, and author of "Vain Obligations," "The Great Tradition," "Hawaii, Scenes and Impressions," "A Change of Air."

ELIZABETH TILTON (p. 227) is Legislative Chairman, National Congress of Mothers and Parent Teachers Associations.

HERBERT S. HOUSTON (p. 243) is Editor of Our World, and President of the Houston Publishing Company, publishers of Our World.

JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON (p. 251) is the author of a number of books, including "The Mind in the Making," which became a best seller shortly after its publication. As a professor of history for 30 years, Doctor Robinson has been the leading advocate in this country of the policy of giving a rational and sensible interpretation to historical facts. He has edited a new kind of historical textbook, comprising 27 volumes in the series, the sales of which have been about 350,000 copies.

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The Digest is beyond price to the pastor who is trying to give his people fresh and compelling sermons every week.—Rev. Wilson Woodcock, 309 W. Main St., Brownsville, Tenn.

I wish to express my appreciation of the helpful service rendered busy people by the Digest. It is the best thing I have ever had. It seems to me that the selections are well chosen and give a good idea of the articles presented.—Elmer T. Blake, Pembroke, N. H.

Your magazine is one of the best things that comes to my home. I never leave the house without it in my pocket, for I make good use of my spare time in street cars, etc., reading The Reader's Digest.—J. Rhys Roberts, 216 Clarion St., Johnston, Penna.

I do not want to miss any issue. I haven't found its equal either in my work as a student or school principal.—Harry H. Rigg, Box 245, Negaunee, Mich.

While I am getting thirty-three different publications, I feel that I must have the Digest. Please don't let me miss a single number. For an extensive reader, I find that your summary of articles is better than the originals.—Rev. W. G. Montgomery, Box 55, Mechanicsburg, Ill.

The little magazine has been a great source of enjoyment and interest to me and I have looked forward to its arrival each month with unvarying eagerness.—R. E. G. Davis, 267 Peel St., Montreal, Que.

Am wonderfully pleased with the Digest. It certainly is a fine thing for a busy person.—Russell H. Crane, 36 Church St., Phelps, N. Y.

The Reader's Digest is certainly the "cream" of magazines. I cannot afford to be without any of the issues.—R. E. Saunders, Northport, Mich.

I have never found any magazine that has so captured my enthusiasm as has The Reader's Digest. Please send me one of the buckram binders.—William E. Brown, First Ave., Manhattan, Ill.

Yours is the best of its kind. Convenient in form; condensed but comprehensive; digested but not diluted. The only thing I fear is that you may some day go to glazed paper and reproduction of cartoons.—S. S. Marquis, 31 King Ave., Detroit, Mich.

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